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POEMS

BY

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW



POEMS BY HENRY W. LONG-FELLOW. ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS K. HARLOW, LOUIS MEYNELLE, HIRAM P. BARNES, WM. GOODRICH BEAL, & H. B. GEORGE



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Ποτνια, ποτνια νύξ, υπιοδοτειρα τών πολυπόνων βροτών. Έρε 3οθεν ίθε μολε μόλε κατάπτερι Αγαμεμμονιον έπί δομον υπο γαρ άλγέων, ύπο τε συμφοράς διοιχομεθ', οιχομεθα.

EURIPIDES.







PLEASANT it was, when woods were green, And winds were soft and low, To lie amid some sylvan scene, Where, the long drooping boughs between, Shadows dark and sunlight sheen Alternate come and go;

Or where the denser grove receives
No sunlight from above,
But the dark foliage interweaves
In one unbroken roof of leaves,
Underneath whose sloping eaves
The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree I lay upon the ground; His hoary arms uplifted he, And all the broad leaves over me Clapped their little hands in glee, With one continuous sound;—

A slumberous sound, — a sound that brings The feelings of a dream, — As of innumerable wings, As, when a bell no longer swings, Faint the hollow murmur rings O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die, Bright visions, came to me, As lapped in thought I used to lie, And gaze into the summer sky, Where the sailing clouds went by, Like ships upon the sea;

Dreams that the soul of youth engage Ere Fancy has been quelled; Old legends of the monkish page, Traditions of the saint and sage, Tales that have the rime of age, And chronicles of Eld.

And, loving still these quaint old themes,
Even in the city's throng
I feel the freshness of the streams,
That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,
Water the green land of dreams,
The holy land of song.



Therefore, at Pentecost, which brings
The Spring, clothed like a bride,
When nestling buds unfold their wings,
And bishop's-caps have golden rings,
Musing upon many things,

I sought the woodlands wide.

The green trees whispered low and mid-It was a sound of joy! They were my playmates when a child. And rocked me in their arms so wild. Still they looked at me and smiled. As if I were a boy;

And ever whispered, mild and low, "Come, be a child once more!"
And waved their long arms to and for And beckoned solemnly and slow;
O, I could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hoar,—

Into the blithe and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere!
Nature with folded hands seemed there
Kneeling at her evening prayer!
Like one in prayer I stood.

Before me rose an avenue
Of tall and sombrous pines;
Abroad their fan-like branches grew,
And, where the sunshine darted through,
Spread a vapor soft and blue,
In long and sloping lines.

And, falling on my weary brain,
Like a fast-falling shower,
The dreams of youth came back again;
Low lispings of the summer rain,
Dropping on the ripened grain,
As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood! Stay, O stay! Ye were so sweet and wild! And distant voices seemed to say, "It cannot be! They pass away! Other themes demand thy lay; Thou art no more a child!

"The land of Song within thee lies, Watered by living springs; The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes Are gates unto that Paradise, Holy thoughts, like stars, arise, Its clouds are angels' wings.



"Learn, that henceforth thy song shall be, Not mountains capped with snow, Nor forests sounding like the sea, Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly, Where the woodlands bend to see The bending heavens below.



"There is a forest where the din Of iron branches sounds! A mighty river roars between, And whosoever looks therein Sees the heavens all black with sin, Sees not its depths, nor bounds.

"Athwart the swinging branches cast, Soft rays of sunshine pour; Then comes the fearful wintry blast; Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast; Pallid lips say, 'It is past! We can return no more!'

"Look, then, into thine heart, and write! Yes, into Life's deep stream! All forms of sorrow and delight, All solemn Voices of the Night, That can soothe thee, or affright,— Be these henceforth thy theme."



VOICES OF THE NIGHT.





HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

'Ασπασίη, τρίλλιστος.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night Sweep through her marble halls! I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there, —
From those deep cisterns flows.

A PSALM OF LIFE,

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear What man has borne before! Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care, And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!

Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most

The best-beloved Night!

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers, "Life is but an empty dream!"

For the soul is dead that slumbers,

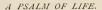
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!

And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"

Was not spoken of the soul.





Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destined end or way; But to act, that each to-morrow Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle, In the bivouac of Life, Be not like dumb, driven cattle! Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant! Let the dead Past bury its dead! Act, — act in the living Present! Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;—

Footprints, that perhaps another, Sailing o'er life's solemn main, A forlorn and shipwrecked brother, Seeing, shall take heart again.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWER.

Let us, then, be up and doing, With a heart for any fate; Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labor and to wait.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death, And, with his sickle keen, He reaps the bearded grain at a breath, And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he,"Have naught but the bearded grain?Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,

I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes, He kissed their drooping leaves; It was for the Lord of Paradise He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,

Where he was once a child.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light, Transplanted by my care, And saints, upon their garments white, These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain, The flowers she most did love; She knew she should find them all again In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

The night is come, but not too soon;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

Is it the tender star of love?
The star of love and dreams?
O no! from that blue tent above,
A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise, When I behold afar, Suspended in the evening skies, The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand And smile upon my pain; Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand, And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light, But the cold light of stars; I give the first watch of the night To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will, He rises in my breast, Serene, and resolute, and still, And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long —
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours of Day are numbered, And the voices of the Night Wake the better soul, that slumbered, To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted, And, like phantoms grim and tall, Shadows from the fitful firelight Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed Enter at the open door; The beloved, the true-hearted, Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cherished Noble longings for the strife, By the roadside fell and perished, Weary with the march of life!



FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

They, the holy ones and weakly, Who the cross of suffering bore, Folded their pale hands so meekly, Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous, Who unto my youth was given, More than all things else to love me, And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep Comes that messenger divine, Takes the vacant chair beside me, Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended, Is the spirit's voiceless prayer; Soft rebukes, in blessings ended, Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely, All my fears are laid aside, If I but remember only Such as these have lived and died!





FLOWERS.

FLOWERS.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden, One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine, When he called the flowers, so blue and golden, Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of eld;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars, which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous, God hath written in those stars above; But not less in the bright flowerets under us Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours;
Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth, — these golden
flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing, Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part Of the self-same, universal being, Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

FLOWERS.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining, Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day, Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining, Buds that open only to decay;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues, Flaunting gayly in the golden light; Large desires, with most uncertain issues, Tender wishes, blossoming at night!

These in flowers and men are more than seeming; Workings are they of the self-same powers, Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming, Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing, Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born; Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing, Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing, And in Summer's green-emblazoned field, But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing, In the centre of his brazen shield:

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
On the mountain-top, and by the brink
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink:

~ 36









Not alone in her vast dome of glory, Not on graves of bird and beast alone, But in old cathedrals, high and hoary, On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection
We behold their tender buds expand;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I HAVE read, in some old marvellous tale, Some legend strange and vague, That a midnight host of spectres pale Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream, With the wan moon overhead, There stood, as in an awful dream, The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound, The spectral camp was seen, And, with a sorrowful, deep sound, The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there, No drum, nor sentry's pace; The mist-like banners clasped the air, As clouds with clouds embrace.

But, when the old cathedral bell Proclaimed the morning prayer, The white pavilions rose and fell On the alarmèd air.

Down the broad valley fast and far The troubled army fled; Up rose the glorious morning star, The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man. That strange and mystic scroll, That an army of phantoms vast and wan Beleaguer the human soul.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream, In Fancy's misty light, Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice nor sound is there, In the army of the grave; No other challenge breaks the air, But the rushing of Life's wave.

And, when the solemn and deep church-bell Entreats the soul to pray, The midnight phantoms feel the spell, The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar The spectral camp is fled; Faith shineth as a morning star, Our ghastly fears are dead.





MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

YES, the Year is growing old, And his eye is pale and bleared! Death, with frosty hand and cold. Plucks the old man by the beard, Sorely, - sorely!

The leaves are falling, falling, Solemnly and slow; "Caw! caw!" the rooks are calling, It is a sound of woe. A sound of woe!

Through woods and mountain passes The winds, like anthems, roll; They are chanting solemn masses, Singing: "Pray for this poor soul, Pray, - pray!"

And the hooded clouds, like friars, Tell their beads in drops of rain, And patter their doleful prayers; -But their prayers are all in vain, All in vain!





FOR THE DYING YEAR.

There he stands in the foul weather, The foolish, fond Old Year, Crowned with wild flowers and with heather, Like weak, despisèd Lear, A king, - a king!

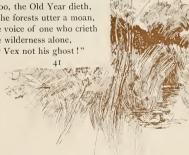
Then comes the summer-like day, Bids the old man rejoice! His joy! his last! O, the old man gray, Loveth that ever-soft voice, Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith, -To the voice gentle and low Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath, -" Prav do not mock me so! Do not laugh at me!"

And now the sweet day is dead; Cold in his arms it lies: No stain from its breath is spread Over the glassy skies, No mist or stain!

Then, too, the Old Year dieth, And the forests utter a moan, Like the voice of one who crieth In the wilderness alone,

"Vex not his ghost!"



MIDNIGHT MASS.

Then comes, with an awful roar, Gathering and sounding on, The storm-wind from Labrador, The wind Euroclydon, The storm-wind!

Howl! howl! and from the forest Sweep the red leaves away! Would, the sins that thou abhorrest, O Soul! could thus decay, And be swept away!

For there shall come a mightier blast, There shall be a darker day; And the stars, from heaven downcast, Like red leaves be swept away! Kyrie, eleyson! Christe, eleyson!





[These poems were written for the most part during my college life, and all of them before the age of nineteen. Some have found their way into schools, and seem to be successful. Others lead a vagabond and precarious existence in the corners of newspapers; or have changed their names and run away to seek their fortunes beyond the sea. I say, with the Bishop of Avranches, on a similar occasion: "I cannot be displeased to see these children of mine, which I have neglected, and almost exposed, brought from their wanderings in lanes and alleys, and safely lodged, in order to go forth into the world together in a more decorous garb."]





AN APRIL DAY.

When the warm sun, that brings Seed-time and harvest, has returned again, 'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,

When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,

Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives:
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored
wings

Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along The forest openings.



When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope
throws

Its shadows in the hollows of the hills, And wide the upland glows.

And, when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide,
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows
throw

And the fair trees look over, side by side, And see themselves below.

Sweet April! — many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

AUTUMN.

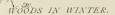
WITH what a glory comes and goes the year! The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out;



And when the silver habit of the clouds Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with A sober gladness the old year takes up His bright inheritance of golden fruits, A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now Its mellow richness on the clustered trees. And, from a beaker full of richest dyes, Pouring new glory on the autumn woods, And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds. Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird, Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer, Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned, And silver beech, and maple vellow-leaved, Where autumn, like a faint old man, sits down By the wayside a-weary. Through the trees The golden robin moves. The purple finch, That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds, A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle, And pecks by the witch-hazel, whilst aloud From cottage roofs the warbling blue-bird sings. And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke, Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.

O what a glory doth this world put on For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth



Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks On duties well performed, and days well spent! For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.

He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death Has lifted up for all, that he shall go To his long resting-place without a tear.

WOODS IN WINTER.

When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away

Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.





HYMN TO THE MORAVIAN NUNS.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs Pour out the river's gradual tide, Shrilly the skater's iron rings, And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were soft
And the song ceased not with the

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods! within your crown
And gathering winds, in hoarse account
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song
I hear it in the opening year,
I listen, and it cheers me long.

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF BETHLEHEM,

AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER.

When the dying flame of day Through the chancel shot its ray, Far the glimmering tapers shed Faint light on the cowlèd head;

HYMN TO THE MORAVIAN NUNS.

And the censer burning swung, Where, before the altar, hung The blood-red banner, that with prayer Had been consecrated there.

And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while, Sung low in the dim, mysterious aisle.

- "Take thy banner! May it wave Proudly o'er the good and brave; When the battle's distant wail Breaks the sabbath of our vale, When the clarion's music thrills To the hearts of these lone hills, When the spear in conflict shakes, And the strong lance shivering breaks,
- "Take thy banner! and, beneath
 The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,
 Guard it! till our homes are free!
 Guard it! God will prosper thee!
 In the dark and trying hour,
 In the breaking forth of power,
 In the rush of steeds and men,
 His right hand will shield thee then.
- "Take thy banner! But, when night Closes round the ghastly fight, If the vanquished warrior bow, Spare him!— By our holy vow,

SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him!—he our love hath shared!
Spare him!—as thou wouldst be spared!

"Take thy banner! — and if e'er Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier. And the muffled drum should bear. To the tread of mournful feet, Then this crimson flag shall be Martial cloak and shroud for thee."

The warrior took that banner proud.

And it was his martial cloak and shroud?

SUNRISE ON THE HILLS

I STOOD upon the hills, when heaven's side

Was glorious with the sun's returning march, And woods were brightened, and soft gales Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.

The clouds were far beneath me; — bathed in light,

They gathered mid-way round the wooded height,

SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

And, in their fading glory, shone
Like hosts in battle overthrown,
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered
lance,

And rocking on the cliff was left
The dark pine blasted, bare, and cleft.
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow
Was darkened by the forest's shade,
Or glistened in the white cascade:
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.

I heard the distant waters dash,
I saw the current whirl and flash, —
And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,
The woods were bending with a silent reach.
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,
The music of the village bell
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills;
And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland fills.
Was ringing to the merry shout,
That faint and far the glen sent out,
Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin

smoke,
Through thick-leaved branches, from the dingle broke.







If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,

Go to the woods and hills! — No tears Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

THERE is a quiet spirit in these woods,

That dwells where'er the gentle south wind
blows:

Where, underneath the white-thorn, in the glade,

The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing the soft air, The leaves above their sunny palms outspread, With what a tender and impassioned voice It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought, When the fast-ushering star of morning comes O'er-riding the gray hills with golden scarf; Or when the cowled and dusky-sandaled Eve, In mourning weeds, from out the western gate, Departs with silent pace! That spirit moves In the green valley, where the silver brook, From its full laver, pours the wide cascade;

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

And, babbling low amid the tangled woods, Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless laughter.

And frequent, on the everlasting hills,
Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself
In all the dark embroidery of the storm,
And shouts the stern, strong wind. And here,
amid

The silent majesty of these deep woods,
Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from
earth,

As to the sunshine and the pure, bright air Their tops the green trees lift. Hence gifted bards

Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades. For them there was an eloquent voice in all The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun, The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way.

Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle winds,—

The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun Aslant the wooded slope, at evening, goes, — Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in.

Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale, The distant lake, fountains, — and mighty trees, In many a lazy syllable, repeating Theory old poetic legends to the wind.



THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

And this is the sweet spirit, that doth fill The world; and, in these wayward days of youth,

My busy fancy oft embodies it,
As a bright image of the light and beauty
That dwell in nature, — of the heavenly forms
We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues
That stain the wild bird's wing, and flush the
clouds

When the sun sets. Within her eye
The heaven of April, with its changing light,
And when it wears the blue of May, is hung,
And on her lip the rich, red rose. Her hair
Is like the summer tresses of the trees,
When twilight makes them brown, and on her
cheek

Blushes the richness of an autumn sky,
With ever-shifting beauty. Then her breath,
It is so like the gentle air of Spring,
As, from the morning's dewy flowers, it comes
Full of their fragrance, that it is a joy
To have it round us, — and her silver voice
Is the rich music of a summer bird,
Heard in the still night, with its passionate
cadence.

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

On sunny slope and beechen swell, The shadowed light of evening fell; And, where the maple's leaf was brown, With soft and silent lapse came down The glory, that the wood receives. At sunset, in its brazen leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of white,
Around a far uplifted cone,
In the warm blush of evening shone;
An image of the silver lakes,
By which the Indian's soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard Where the soft breath of evening stirred The tall, gray forest; and a band Of stern in heart, and strong in hand, Came winding down beside the wave, To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by his native bowers He stood, in the last moon of flowers, And thirty snows had not yet shed Their glory on the warrior's head; But, as the summer fruit decays, So died he in those naked days.





BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin Covered the warrior, and within Its heavy folds the weapons, made For the hard toils of war, were laid; The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds, And the broad belt of shells and beads,

Before, a dark-haired virgin train Chanted the death dirge of the slain; Behind, the long procession came Of hoary men and chiefs of fame, With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief, Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress, Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless, With darting eye, and nostril spread, And heavy and impatient tread, He came; and oft that eye so proud Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief; they freed Beside the grave his battle steed; And swift an arrow cleaved its way To his stern heart! One piercing neigh Arose, — and, on the dead man's plain, The rider grasps his steed again.



THANKSGIVING.1

WHEN first in ancient time, from Jubal's tongue The tuneful anthem fill'd the morning air. To sacred hymnings and elysian song His music-breathing shell the minstrel woke. Devotion breathed aloud from every chord: -The voice of praise was heard in every tone, And prayer, and thanks to Him the eternal one. To Him, that with bright inspiration touch'd The high and gifted lyre of heavenly song, And warm'd the soul with new vitality. A stirring energy through Nature breathed: -The voice of adoration from her broke, Swelling aloud in every breeze, and heard Long in the sullen waterfall, - what time Soft Spring or hoary Autumn threw on earth Its bloom or blighting, - when the Summer smiled.

Or Winter o'er the year's sepulchre mourn'd. The Deity was there!—a nameless spirit Moved in the breasts of men to do Him homage; And when the morning smiled, or evening pale Hung weeping o'er the melancholy urn,

¹ The following twelve poems first appeared in the United States Literary Gazette in 1824-1826, and have not been included in any volume of Mr. Longfellow's poems.

THANKSGIVING.

They came beneath the broad o'erarching trees, And in their tremulous shadow worshipp'd oft, Where pale the vine clung round their simple

altars,

And gray moss mantling hung. Above was heard

The melody of winds, breathed out as the green trees

Bow'd to their quivering touch in living beauty, And birds sang forth their cheerful hymns. Below,

The bright and widely wandering rivulet
Struggled and gush'd amongst the tangled roots

That choked its reedy fountain — and dark rocks.

Worn smooth by the constant current. Even

there

The listless wave, that stole with mellow roice
Where reeds grew rank on the rushy-fringed
brink,

And the green sedge bent to the wandering wind, Sang with a cheerful song of sweet tranquility. Men felt the heavenly influence — and it is to Like balm into their hearts, till all was peace. And even the air they breathed — the wight is.

saw —

Became religion, — for the ethereat spatched to soft music wakes the chords of Letting And mellows everything to beauty—

THANKSGIVING.

With cheering energy within their breasts,
And made all holy there—for all was love.
The morning stars, that sweetly sang together—
The moon, that hung at night in the mid-

Dayspring — and eventide — and all the fair And beautiful forms of Nature, had a voice Of eloquent worship. Ocean with its tides Swelling and deep, where low the infant storm Hung on his dun, dark cloud, and heavily beat The pulses of the sea, — sent forth a voice Of awful adoration to the spirit That, wrapt in darkness, moved upon its face. And when the bow of evening arch'd the east, Or, in the moonlight pale, the curling wave Kiss'd with a sweet embrace the sea-worn beach, And soft the song of winds came o'er the waters.

The mingled melody of wind and wave Touch'd like a heavenly anthem on the ear; For it arose a tuneful hymn of worship. And have our hearts grown cold? Are there on earth

No pure reflections caught from heavenly light?— Have our mute lips no hymn—our souls no song?—

Let him that in the summer day of youth Keeps pure the holy fount of youthful feeling,—

AUTUMNAL NIGHTFALL.

And him that in the nightfall of his years Lies down in his last sleep, and shuts in peace His dim pale eyes on life's short wayfaring, Praise Him that rules the destiny of man.

SUNDAY EVENING, October, 1824.

AUTUMNAL NIGHTFALL.

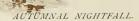
ROUND Autumn's mouldering urn
Loud mourns the chill and cheerless gale,
When nightfall shades the quiet vale,
And stars in beauty burn.

'Tis the year's eventide.

The wind, like one that sighs in pain
O'er joys that ne'er will bloom again,
Mourns on the far hillside.

And yet my pensive eye
Rests on the faint blue mountain long,
And for the fairyland of song,
That lies beyond, I sigh.

The moon unveils her brow;
In the mid-sky her urn glows bright,
And in her sad and mellowing light
The valley sleeps below.



Upon the hazel gray
The lyre of Autumn hangs unstrung,
And o'er its tremulous chords are flung
The fringes of decay.

I stand deep musing here,
Beneath the dark and motionless beech,
Whilst wandering winds of nightfall reach
My melancholy ear.

The air breathes chill and free;
A Spirit in soft music calls
From Autumn's gray and moss-grown halls,
And round her wither'd tree.

The hoar and mantled oak,
With moss and twisted ivy brown,
Bends in its lifeless beauty down
Where weeds the fountain choke.

That fountain's hollow voice

Echoes the sound of precious things; —

Of early feeling's tuneful springs

Choked with our blighted joys.

Leaves, that the night-wind bears To earth's cold bosom with a sigh, Are types of our mortality, And of our fading years.

The tree that shades the plain, Wasting and hoar as time decays, Spring shall renew with cheerful days,—
But not my joys again.

ITALIAN SCENERY.

NIGHT rests in beauty on Mont Alto. Beneath its shade the beauteous Arno sleeps In Vallombrosa's bosom, and dark trees Bend with a calm and quiet shadow down Upon the beauty of that silent river. Still in the west a melancholy smile Mantles the lips of day, and twilight pale Moves like a spectre in the dusky sky; While eve's sweet star on the fast-fading year Smiles calmly: - Music steals at intervals Across the water, with a tremulous swell, From out the upland dingle of tall firs. And a faint foot-fall sounds, where dim and dark Hangs the gray willow from the river's brink, O'ershadowing its current. Slowly there The lover's gondola drops down the stream, Silent, — save when its dipping oar is heard, Or in its eddy sighs the rippling wave. Mouldering and moss-grown, through the lapse of years,



In motionless beauty stands the giant oak, Whilst those that saw its green and flourishing youth

Are gone and are forgotten. Soft the fount, Whose secret springs the starlight pale discloses,

Gushes in hollow music, and beyond
The broader river sweeps its silent way,
Mingling a silver current with that sea,
Whose waters have no tides, coming nor going.
On noiseless wing along that fair blue sea
The halcyon flits,—and where the wearied
storm

Left a loud moaning, all is peace again.

A calm is on the dcep! The winds that came O'er the dark sea-surge with a tremulous breathing,

And mourn'd on the dark cliff where weeds grew rank.

And to the autumnal death-dirge the deep sea Heaved its long billows, — with a cheerless song Have pass'd away to the cold earth again, Like a wayfaring mourner. Silently Up from the calm sea's dim and distant verge, Full and unveil'd the moon's broad disk emerges. On Tivoli, and where the fairy hues Of autumn glow upon Abruzzı's woods,

The silver light is spreading. Far above, Encompass'd with their thin, cold atmosphere, The Apennines uplift their snowy brows, Glowing with colder beauty, where unheard The eagle screams in the fathomless ether, And stays his wearied wing. Here let ns pause!—

The spirit of these solitudes — the soul That dwells within these steep and difficult places, —

Speaks a mysterious language to mine own, And brings unutterable musings. Earth Sleeps in the shades of nightfall, and the sea Spreads like a thin blue haze beneath my feet, Whilst the gray columns and the mouldering tombs

Of the Imperial City, hidden deep Beneath the mantle of their shadows, rest. My spirit looks on earth!—a heavenly voice Comes silently—"Dreamer, is earth thy dwelling?—

Lo! nursed within that fair and fruitful bosom Which has sustained thy being, and within The colder breast of Ocean, lie the germs Of thine own dissolution!—E'en the air, That fans the clear blue sky and gives thee strength,—

Up from the sullen lake of mouldering reeds,

And the wide waste of forest, where the osier Thrives in the damp and motionless atmosphere, —

Shall bring the dire and wasting pestilence And blight thy cheek. Dream thou of higher things:

This world is not thy home!"—And yet my eye Rests upon earth again! How beautiful, Where wild Velino heaves its sullen waves Down the high cliff of gray and shapeless granite.—

Hung on the curling mist, the moonlight bow Arches the perilous river. — A soft light Silvers the Albanian mountains, and the haze That rests upon their summits mellows down The austerer features of their beauty. Faint And dim-discover'd glow the Sabine hills, And listening to the sea's monotonous shell, High on the cliffs of Terracina stands The castle of the royal Goth in ruins.

But night is in her wane: — day's early flush Glows like a hectic on her fading cheek, Wasting its beauty. And the opening dawn With cheerful lustre lights the royal city, Where with its proud tiara of dark towers, It sleeps upon its own romantic bay.

THE LUNATIC GIRL.

THE LUNATIC GIRL.

Most beautiful, most gentle! Yet how lost To all that gladdens the fair earth; the eye That watch'd her being; the maternal care That kept and nourish'd her; and the calm light That steals from our own thoughts, and softly rests

On youth's green valleys and smooth-sliding waters.

Alas! few suns of life, and fewer winds, Had wither'd or had wasted the fresh rose That bloom'd upon her cheek; but one chill frost

Came in that early Autumn, when ripe thought Is rich and beautiful, — and blighted it; And the fair stalk grew languid day by day, And droop'd — and droop'd, and shed its many leaves.

'Tis said that some have died of love, and some, That once from beauty's high romance had caught

Love's passionate feelings and heart-wasting cares,

Have spurn'd life's threshold with a desperate foot:

And others have gone mad, — and she was

THE LUNATIC GIRL.

Her lover died at sea; and they had felt A coldness for each other when they parted; But love return'd again, and to her ear Came tidings that the ship which bore her lover Had sullenly gone down at sea, and all were lost. I saw her in her native vale, when high The aspiring lark up from the reedy river Mounted on cheerful pinion; and she sat Casting smooth pebbles into a clear fountain, And marking how they sunk; — and oft she sigh'd

For him that perish'd thus in the vast deep. She had a sea-shell, that her lover brought From the far distant ocean, and she press'd Its smooth cold lips unto her ear, and thought It whisper'd tidings of the dark blue sea; And sad, she cried, "The tides are out!—and now

I see his corse upon the stormy beach!" Around her neck a string of rose-lipp'd shells And coral, and white pearl, was loosely hung. And close beside her lay a delicate fan, Made of the halcyon's blue wing; and when She look'd upon it, it would calm her thoughts As that bird calms the ocean, — for it gave, Mournful, yet pleasant memory. Once I mark'd, When through the mountain hollows and green woods.





THE LUNATIC GIRL.

That bent beneath its footsteps, the loud wind Came with a voice as of the restless deep. She raised her head, and on her pale cold cheek A beauty of diviner seeming came: And then she spread her hands, and smiled, as if She welcomed a long absent friend, - and then Shrunk timorously back again, and wept. I turn'd away: a multitude of thoughts, Mournful and dark, were crowding on my mind, And as I left that lost and ruin'd one. A living monument that still on earth There is warm love and deep sincerity, -She gazed upon the west, where the blue sky Held, like an ocean, in its wide embrace Those fairy islands of bright cloud, that lay So calm and quietly in the thin ether. And then she pointed where, alone and high, One little cloud sail'd onward, like a lost And wandering bark, and fainter grew, and fainter And soon was swallow'd up in the blue depths. And when it sunk away, she turn'd again With sad despondency and tears to earth.

Three long and weary months,—yet not a whisper

Of stern reproach for that cold parting! Then She sat no longer by her favorite fountain!— She was at rest forever.

THE VENETIAN GONDOLIER.

Here rest the weary oar!—soft airs
Breathe out in the o'erarching sky;
And Night!—sweet Night—serenely wears
A smile of peace;—her noon is nigh.

Where the tall fir in quiet stands,
And waves, embracing the chaste shores,
Move o'er sea-shells and bright sands,—
Is heard the sound of dipping oars.

Swift o'er the wave the light bark springs, Love's midnight hour draws lingering near: And list!—his tuneful viol strings The young Venetian Gondolier.

Lo! on the silver-mirror'd deep,
On earth, and her embosom'd lakes,
And where the silent rivers sweep,
From the thin cloud fair moonlight breaks.

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Soft music breathes around, and dies On the calm bosom of the sea; Whilst in her cell the novice sighs Her vespers to her rosary.





DIRGE OVER A NAMELESS GRAVE.

At their dim altars bow fair forms, In tender charity for those, That, helpless left to life's rude storms, Have never found this calm repose.

The bell swings to its midnight chime, Relieved against the deep blue sky!-Haste! - dip the oar again! - 'tis time To seek Genevra's balcony.

DIRGE OVER A NAMELESS GRAVE.

By yon still river, where the wave Is winding slow at evening's close, The beech, upon a nameless grave, Its sadly-moving shadow throws.

O'er the fair woods the sun looks down Upon the many-twinkling leaves, And twilight's mellow shades are brown, Where darkly the green turf upheaves.

The river glides in silence there, And hardly waves the sapling tree: Sweet flowers are springing, and the air Is full of balm, - but where is she!



A SONG OF SAVOY.

They bade her wed a son of pride,
And leave the hopes she cherish'd long:
She loved but one,—and would not hide
A love which knew no wrong.

And months went sadly on, — and years: —
And she was wasting day by day:
At length she died, — and many tears
Were shed, that she should pass away.

Then came a gray old man, and knelt
With bitter weeping by her tomb: —
And others mourn'd for him, who felt
That he had seal'd a daughter's doom.

The funeral train has long past on,
And time wiped dry the father's tear!
Farewell,—lost maiden!—there is one
That mourns thee yet,—and he is here.

A SONG OF SAVOY.

As the dim twilight shrouds
The mountain's purple crest,
And summer's white and folded clouds
Are glowing in the west,
Loud shouts come up the rocky dell,
And voices hail the evening bell.





A SONG OF SAVOY.

Faint is the goatherd's song,
And sighing comes the breeze:
The silent river sweeps along
Amid its bending trees, —
And the full moon shines faintly there,
And music fills the evening air.

Beneath the waving firs
The tinkling cymbals sound;
And as the wind the foliage stirs,
I see the dancers bound
Where the green branches, arch'd above,
Bend over this fair scene of love.

And he is there, that sought
My young heart long ago!
But he has left me,—though I thought
He ne'er could leave me so.
Ah! lover's vows—how frail are they!—
And his—were made but yesterday.

Why comes he not? I call
In tears upon him yet; —
'Twere better ne'er to love at all,
Than love, and then forget!
Why comes he not? Alas! I should
Reclaim him still, if weeping could.

THE INDIAN HUNTER.

But see, — he leaves the glade,
And beckons me away:
He comes to seek his mountain maid!—
I cannot chide his stay.
Glad sounds along the valley swell,
And voices hail the evening bell.

THE INDIAN HUNTER.

When the summer harvest was gather'd in, And the sheaf of the gleaner grew white and thin,

And the ploughshare was in its furrow left,
Where the stubble land had been lately cleft,
An Indian hunter, with unstrung bow,
Look'd down where the valley lay stretch'd below.

He was a stranger there, and all that day, Had been out on the hills, a perilous way, But the foot of the deer was far and fleet, And the wolf kept aloof from the hunter's feet, And bitter feelings passed o'er him then, As he stood by the populous haunts of men.

The winds of autumn came over the woods As the sun stole out from their solitudes.



THE INDIAN HUNTER.

The moss was white on the maple's trunk, And dead from its arms the pale vine shrunk, And ripen'd the mellow fruit hung, and red Were the tree's wither'd leaves round it shed.

The foot of the reaper moved slow on the lawn, And the sickle cut down the yellow corn, — The mower sung loud by the meadow-side, Where the mists of evening were spreading wide, And the voice of the herdsman came up the lea, And the dance went round by the greenwood tree.

Then the hunter turn'd away from that scene, Where the home of his fathers once had been, And heard by the distant and measured stroke, That the woodman hew'd down the giant oak, And burning thoughts flash'd over his mind Of the white man's faith, and love unkind.

The moon of the harvest grew high and bright, As her golden horn pierced the cloud of white,— A footstep was heard in the rustling brake, Where the beech overshadow'd the misty lake, And a mourning voice, and a plunge from shore;— And the hunter was seen on the hills no more.

When years had pass'd on, by that still lake-side
The fisher look'd down through the silver tide,
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JECKOYVA.

And there on the smooth yellow sand display'd, A skeleton wasted and white was laid, And 'twas seen, as the waters moved deep and

slow.

That the hand was still grasping a hunter's bow.

JECKOYVA.

The Indian chief, Jeckoyva, as tradition says, perished alone on the mountain which now bears his name. Night overtook him whilst hunting among the chiffs, and he was not heard of till after a long time, when his half-decayed corpse was found at the foot of a high rock, over which he must have fallen. Mount Jeckoyva is near the White Hills.

They made the warrior's grave beside The dashing of his native tide:
And there was mourning in the glen —
The strong wail of a thousand men —
O'er him thus fallen in his pride,
Ere mist of age — or blight or blast
Had o'er his mighty spirit past.

They made the warrior's grave beneath The bending of the wild-elm's wreath, When the dark hunter's piercing eye Had found that mountain rest on high,

Where, scattered by the sharp wind's breath, Beneath the rugged cliff were thrown The strong belt and the mouldering bone.





JECKOYVA.

Where was the warrior's foot, when first The red sun on the mountain burst? — Where — when the sultry noon-time came On the green vales with scorching flame,

And made the woodlands faint with thirst? 'Twas where the wind is keen and loud, And the gray eagle breasts the cloud.

Where was the warrior's foot, when night Veil'd in thick cloud the mountain height? None heard the loud and sudden crash,—None saw the fallen warrior dash

Down the bare rock so high and white! — But he that droop'd not in the chase Made on the hills his burial-place.

They found him there, when the long day Of cold desertion pass'd away, And traces on that barren cleft Of struggling hard with death were left —

Deep marks and footprints in the clay! And they have laid this feathery helm By the dark river and green elm.

THE SEA-DIVER.

THE SEA-DIVER.

My way is on the bright blue sea, My sleep upon its rocking tide; And many an eye has follow'd me Where billows clasp the worn sea-side.

My plumage bears the crimson blush, When ocean by the sea is kiss'd! When fades the evening's purple flush, My dark wing cleaves the silver mist.

Full many a fathom down beneath

The bright arch of the splendid deep
My ear has heard the sea-shell breathe
O'er living myriads in their sleep.

They rested by the coral throne,
And by the pearly diadem;
Where the pale sea-grape had o'ergrown
The glorious dwellings made for them.

At night upon my storm-drench'd wing, I poised above a helmless bark, And soon I saw the shatter'd thing Had pass'd away and left no mark.





MUSINGS.

And when the wind and storm were done,
A ship, that had rode out the gale,
Sunk down — without a signal gun,
And none was left to tell the tale.

I saw the pomp of day depart, —
The cloud resign its golden crown,
When to the ocean's beating heart
The sailor's wasted corse went down.

Peace be to those whose graves are made Beneath the bright and silver sea!— Peace— that their relics there were laid With no vain pride and pageantry.

MUSINGS.

I sAT by my window one night,
And watch'd how the stars grew high;
And the earth and skies were a splendid sight
To a sober and musing eye.

From heaven the silver moon shone down
With gentle and mellow ray,
And beneath the crowded roofs of the town
In broad light and shadow lay.



A glory was on the silent sea,
And mainland and island too,
Till a haze came over the lowland lea,
And shrouded that beautiful blue.

Bright in the moon the autumn wood Its crimson scarf unroll'd, And the trees like a splendid army stood In a panoply of gold!

I saw them waving their banners high.

As their crests to the night wind bow'd,
And a distant sound on the air went by,
Like the whispering of a crowd.

Then I watch'd from my window how fast
The lights all around me fled,
As the wearied man to his slumber pass'd
And the sick one to his bed.

All faded save one, that burn'd
With distant and steady light;
But that, too, went out, — and I turn'd
Where my own lamp within shone bright!

Thus, thought I, our joys must die,
Yes — the brightest from earth we win:
Till each turns away, with a sigh,
To the lamp that burns brightly within.

SONG.

Where, from the eye of day,
The dark and silent river
Pursues through tangled woods a way
O'er which the tall trees quiver;

The silver mist, that breaks
From out that woodland cover,
Betrays the hidden path it takes,
And hangs the current over!

So oft the thoughts that burst From hidden springs of feeling, Like silent streams, unseen at first, From our cold hearts are stealing:



BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

[The following ballad was suggested to me while riding on the seashore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armor; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Wind-Mill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors. Professor Rafn, in the Mémoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaires du Nord, for 1838–1839, says:—

"There is no mistaking in this instance the style in which the more ancient stone edifices of the North were constructed, the style which belongs to the Roman or Ante-Gothic architecture, and which, especially after the time of Charlemagne, diffused itself from Italy over the whole of the West and North of Europe, where it continued to predominate until the close of the twelfth century; that style, which some authors have, from one of its most striking characteristics, called the round arch style, the same which

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

in England is denominated Saxon and sometimes Norman architecture.

"On the ancient structure in Newport there are no ornaments remaining, which might possibly have served to guide us in assigning the probable date of its erection. That no vestige whatever is found of the pointed arch, nor any approximation to it, is indicative of an earlier rather than of a later period. From such characteristics as remain, however, we can scarcely form any other inference than one, in which I am persuaded that all, who are familiar with Old-Northern architecture, will concur, THAT THIS BUILDING WAS ERECTED AT A PERIOD DECIDEDLY NOT LATER THAN THE TWELFTH CENTURY. This remark applies, of course, to the original building only, and not to the alterations that it subsequently received; for there are several such alterations in the upper part of the building which cannot be mistaken, and which were most likely occasioned by its being adapted in modern times to various uses; for example, as the substructure of a wind-mill, and latterly as a hav magazine. To the same times may be referred the windows, the fireplace, and the apertures made above the columns. That this building could not have been erected for a windmill, is what an architect will easily discern."

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

I will not enter into a discussion of the point. It is sufficiently well established for the purpose of a ballad; though doubtless many an honest citizen of Newport, who has passed his days within sight of the Round Tower, will be ready to exclaim with Sancho: "God bless me! did I not warn you to have a care of what you were doing, for that it was nothing but a wind-mill; and nobody could mistake it, but one who had the like in his head."]

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes Pale flashes seemed to rise, As when the Northern skies Gleam in December; And, like the water's flow Under December's snow, Came a dull voice of woe From the heart's chamber.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound,
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair Tracked I the grisly bear, While from my path the hare Fled like a shadow; Oft through the forest dark Followed the were-wolf's bark, Until the soaring lark Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew, Joining a corsair's crew,

THE SKLLETON IN ARMOR.

O'er the dark sea I flew With the marauders. Wild was the life we led: Many the souls that sped, Many the hearts that bled, By our stern orders.

" Many a wassail-bout Wore the long Winter out; Often our midnight shout Set the cocks crowing,

As we the Berserk's tale Measured in cups of ale, Draining the oaken pail, Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee Tales of the stormy sea, Soft eyes did gaze on me, Burning vet tender; And as the white stars shine On the dark Norway pine, On that dark heart of mine Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid, Yielding, yet half afraid, And in the forest's shade Our vows were plighted. 86

Under its loosened vest Fluttered her little breast, Like birds within their nest By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall Shields gleamed upon the wall, Loud sang the minstrels all, Chanting his glory; When of old Hildebrand

I asked his daughter's hand, Mute did the minstrels stand

To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed, Loud then the champion laughed, And as the wind-gusts waft

The sea-foam brightly, So the loud laugh of scorn, Out of those lips unshorn, From the deep drinking-horn Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white



Follow the sea-mew's flight,

Why did they leave that night Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast, Bent like a reed each mast, Yet we were gaining fast,

When the wind failed us; And with a sudden flaw Came round the gusty Skaw, So that our foe we saw Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!





"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then, Still as a stagnant fen!

Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! skoal!"
—Thus the tale ended,

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughtèr,
To bear him company.

¹In Scandinavia this is the customary salutation when drinking a health. I have slightly changed the orthography of the word, in order to preserve the correct pronunciation.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
With his pipe in his mouth,
And watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up spake an old Sailòr, Had sailed the Spanish Main, "I pray thee, put into yonder port, For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring, And to-night no moon we see!" The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe, And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain

The vessel in its strength;

She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,

Then leaped her cable's length.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,

And do not tremble so:

For I can weather the roughest gale That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat Against the stinging blast;

He cut a rope from a broken spar, And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring, O say, what may it be?"

"Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"

And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns, O say, what may it be?"

"Some ship in distress, that cannot live In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,

But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,

With his face to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.



THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed That savèd she might be: And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave.

On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear, Through the whistling sleet and snow, Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between A sound came from the land: It was the sound of the trampling surf On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows, She drifted a dreary wreck,

And a whooping billow swept the crew Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves Looked soft as carded wool, But the cruel rocks, they gored her side Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice, With the masts went by the board; Like a vessel of glass, she strove and sank, Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,

The salt tears in her eyes;

And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,

On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long, His face is like the tan:



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

His brow is wet with honest sweat,

He earns whate'er he can,

And looks the whole world in the face,

For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night, You can hear his bellows blow; You can hear him swing his heavy sledge, With measured beat and slow, Like a sexton ringing the village bell, When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice, Singing in Paradise!

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ENDYMION.

He needs must think of her once more, How in the grave she lies; And with his hard, rough hand he wipes A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, —rejoicing, —sorrowing, Onward through life he goes; Each morning sees some task begin, Each evening sees it close: Something attempted, something done, Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

ENDYMION.

The rising moon has hid the stars; Her level rays, like golden bars, Lie on the landscape green, With shadows brown between.



As if Diana, in her dreams, Had dropt her silver bow Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this. She woke Endymion with a kiss, When, sleeping in the grove. He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought, Love gives itself, but is not bought: Nor voice, nor sound betrays Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes, - the beautiful, the free, The crown of all humanity, -In silence and alone To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep, And kisses the closed eves Of him, who slumbering lies.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!
O drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds, —as if with unseen wings, An angel touched its quivering strings; And whispers, in its song, "Where hast thou stayed so long?"

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

No hay pájaros en los nidos de antaño. Spanish Proverb.

THE sun is bright, — the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The blue-bird prophesying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows, It seems an outlet from the sky, Where waiting till the west wind blows, The freighted clouds at anchor lie.





THE RAINY DAY.

All things are new; — the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves; —
There are no birds in last year's nest!

All things rejoice in youth and love, The fulness of their first delight! And learn from the soft heavens above The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme, Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay; Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime, For O! it is not always May!

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth, To some good angel leave the rest; For Time will teach thee soon the truth, There are no birds in last year's nest!

THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary; It rains, and the wind is never weary; The vine still clings to the mouldering wall. But at every gust the dead leaves fall, And the day is dark and dreary.

GOD'S-ACRE.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary:
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past.
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining; Behind the clouds is the sun still shining; Thy fate is the common fate of all, Into each life some rain must fall, Some days must be dark and dreary.

GOD'S-ACRE.

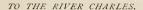
I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls.
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown
The seed, that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith, that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.







Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom, In the fair gardens of that second birth; And each bright blossom mingle its perfume With that of flowers, which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,

And spread the furrow for the seed we sow; This is the field and Acre of our God.

This is the place where human harvests grow!

TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

RIVER! that in silence windest

Through the meadows, bright and free,
Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea!

Four long years of mingled feeling, Half in rest, and half in strife, I have seen thy waters stealing Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River!

Many a lesson, deep and long;

Thou hast been a generous giver;

I can give thee but a song.

TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

Oft in sadness and in illness,
I have watched thy current glide,
Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflowed me, like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter, When I saw thy waters gleam, I have felt my heart beat lighter, And leap onward with thy stream.

Not for this alone I love thee, Nor because thy waves of blue From celestial seas above thee Take their own celestial hue.

Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee, And thy waters disappear, Friends I love have dwelt beside thee, And have made thy margin dear.

More than this; — thy name reminds me Of three friends, all true and tried; And that name, like magic, binds me Closer, closer to thy side.

Friends my soul with joy remembers! How like quivering flames they start, When I fan the living embers On the hearth-stone of my heart!



BLIND BARTIMEUS.

'Tis for this, thou Silent River! That my spirit leans to thee: Thou hast been a generous giver, Take this idle song from me.



BLIND BARTIMEUS.

BLIND Bartimeus at the gates Of Jericho in darkness waits; He hears the crowd; - he hears a breath Say, "It is Christ of Nazareth!" And calls, in tones of agony, 'Ιησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!

The thronging multitudes increase; Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace! But still, above the noisy crowd, The beggar's cry is shrill and loud: Until they say, "He calleth thee!" Θάοσει, έγειοαι, φωνεί σε!

Then saith the Christ, as silent stands The crowd, "What wilt thou at my hands?" And he replies, "O give me light! Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight." And Jesus answers, "Υπαγε· 'Η πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!

THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see, In darkness and in misery, Recall those mighty Voices Three, Γησοῦ, ἐλέησοἱν με! Θλάρσει, ἔγειραι, ὅπαγε! Η πίσιες σου σέσωνέ σε!

THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

FILLED is Life's goblet to the brim;
And though my eyes with tears are dim,
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,
And chant a melancholy hymn
With solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers, — no garlands green, Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen, Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene, Lake gleams of sunshine, flash between Thick leaves of mistletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious art, Is filled with waters, that upstart, When the deep fountains of the heart, By strong convulsions rent apart.



THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

And as it mantling passes round,
With fennel is it wreathed and crowned,
Whose seed and foliage sun-imbrowned
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,
And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,
The fennel, with its yellow flowers,
And in an earlier age than ours
Was gifted with the wondrous powers,
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength, and fearless mood; And gladiators, fierce and rude, Mingled it in their daily food; And he who battled and subdued, A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's goblet freely press, The leaves that give it bitterness, Nor prize the colored waters less, For in thy darkness and distress New light and strength they give!

And he who has not learned to know How false its sparkling bubbles show, How bitter are the drops of woe, With which its brim may overflow, He has not learned to live.

THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

The prayer of Ajax was for light; Through all that dark and desperate fight, The blackness of that noonday night, He asked but the return of sight, To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer Be, too, for light, — for strength to bear Our portion of the weight of care, That crushes into dumb despair One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried!

I pledge you in this cup of grief.
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf!
The Battle of our Life is brief,
The alarm, — the struggle. — the relief. —
Then sleep we side by side.







MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN! with the meek, brown eyes, In whose orbs a shadow lies Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun, Golden tresses, wreathed in one, As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet, Where the brook and river meet, Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance, On the brooklet's swift advance, On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream Beautiful to thee must seem, As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision, When bright angels in thy vision Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by, As the dove, with startled eye, Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

MAIDENHOOD.

Hearest thou voices on the shore, That our ears perceive no more, Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O, thou child of many prayers! Life hath quicksands, — Life hath snares! Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune, Morning rises into noon, May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered Birds and blossoms many-numbered: — Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows, When the young heart overflows, To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand; Gates of brass cannot withstand One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth, In thy heart the dew of youth, On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal Into wounds that cannot heal, Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;







And that smile, like sunshine, dart Into many a sunless heart, For a smile of God thou art.

EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast, As through an Alpine village passed A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice, A banner with the strange device,

Excelsion!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath Flashed like a falchion from its sheath, And like a silver clarion rung The accents of that unknown tongue,

Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light Of household fires gleam warm and bright; Above, the spectral glaciers shone, And from his lips escaped a groan,

Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;

"Dark lowers the tempest overhead, The roaring torrent is deep and wide!" And loud that clarion voice replied,

Excelsior!



EXCELSIOR.

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest Thy weary head upon this breast!" A tear stood in his bright blue eye, But still he answered, with a sigh, Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last Good-night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward The pious monks of Saint Bernard Uttered the olf-repeated prayer, A voice cried through the startled air, Fyelsion!

A traveller, by the faithful hound, Half-buried in the snow was found, Still grasping in his hand of ice That banner with the strange device, Excelsion!

There in the twilight cold and gray, Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay, And from the sky, serene and far, A voice fell, like a falling star,

Excelsior!





POEMS ON SLAVERY.

III

[The following poems, with one exception, were written at sea, in the latter part of October. I had not then heard of Dr. Channing's death. Since that event, the poem addressed to him is no longer appropriate. I have decided, however, to let it remain as it was written, a feeble testimony of my admiration for a great and good man.]

POEMS ON SLAVERY.

The noble horse,
That, in his fiery youth, from his wide nostrils
Neighed courage to his rider, and brake through
Groves of opposed pikes, bearing his lord
Safe to triumphant victory, old or wounded,
Was set at liberty and freed from service.
The Athenian mules, that from the quarry drew
Marble, hewed for the Temple of the Gods,
The great work ended, were dismissed and fed
At the public cost; nay, faithful dogs have found
Their sepulchres; but man, to man more cruel,
Appoints no end to the sufferings of his slave.
MASSINGE

TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

The pages of thy book I read,
And as I closed each one,
My heart, responding, ever said,
"Servant of God! well done!"

Well done! Thy words are great and bold; At times they seem to me, Like Luther's, in the days of old, Half-battles for the free.



THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

Go on, until this land revokes
The old and chartered Lie,
The feudal curse, whose whips and yokes
Insult humanity.

A voice is ever at thy side Speaking in tones of might, Like the prophetic voice, that cried To John in Patmos, "Write!"

Write! and tell out this bloody tale; Record this dire eclipse, This Day of Wrath, this Endless Wail, This dread Apocalypse!

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams The lordly Niger flowed; Beneath the palm-trees on the plain Once more a king he strode;

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

And heard the tinkling caravans Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand!—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew;
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyena scream,
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.

THE GOOD PART.

The forests, with their myriad tongues, Shouted of liberty; And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud, With a voice so wild and free, That he started in his sleep and smiled At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day;
For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away!

THE GOOD PART,

THAT SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY.

She dwells by Great Kenhawa's side, In valleys green and cool; And all her hope and all her pride Are in the village school.

Her soul, like the transparent air That robes the hills above, Though not of earth, encircles there All things with arms of love.

THE GOOD PART.

And thus she walks among her girls
With praise and mild rebukes;
Subduing e'en rude village churls
By her angelic looks.

She reads to them at eventide
Of One who came to save;
To cast the captive's chains aside,
And liberate the slave.

And oft the blessed time foretells
When all men shall be free;
And musical, as silver bells,
Their falling chains shall be.

And following her belovèd Lord, In decent poverty, She makes her life one sweet record And deed of charity.

For she was rich, and gave up all To break the iron bands Of those who waited in her hall, And labored in her lands.

Long since beyond the Southern Sea Their outbound sails have sped, While she, in meek humility, Now earns her daily bread

THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

It is their prayers, which never cease,
That clothe her with such grace;
Their blessing is the light of peace
That shines upon her face.

THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

In dark fens of the Dismal Swamp The hunted Negro lay; He saw the fire of the midnight camp, And heard at times a horse's tramp And a bloodhound's distant bay.

Where will-o'-the-wisps and glowworms shine, In bulrush and in brake; Where waving mosses shroud the pine, And the cedar grows, and the poisonous vine Is spotted like the snake;

Where hardly a human foot could pass,
Or a human heart would dare,
On the quaking turf of the green morass,
He crouched in the rank and tangled grass,
Like a wild beast in his lair.

A poor old slave, infirm and lame; Great scars deformed his face;

THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

On his forehead he bore the brand of shame, And the rags, that hid his mangled frame, Were the livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and fair, All things were glad and free; Lithe squirrels darted here and there, And wild birds filled the echoing air With songs of Liberty!

On him alone was the doom of pain,
From the morning of his birth;
On him alone the curse of Cain
Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain,
And struck him to the earth!

THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

LOUD he sang the psalm of David! He, a Negro and enslaved, Sang of Israel's victory, Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour, when night is calmest, Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist, In a voice so sweet and clear That I could not choose but hear,

THE WITNESSES.

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions, Such as reached the swart Egyptians, When upon the Red Sea coast Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion Filled my soul with strange emotion; For its tones by turns were glad, Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison, Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen, And an earthquake's arm of might Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas! what holy angel Brings the Slave this glad evangel? And what earthquake's arm of might Breaks his dungeon-gates at night?

THE WITNESSES.

In Ocean's wide domains,
Half buried in the sands,
Lie skeletons in chains,
With shackled feet and hands.



THE WITNESSES.

Beyond the fall of dews. Deeper than plummet lies, Float ships, with all their crews, No more to sink or rise.

There the black Slave-ship swims. Freighted with human forms. Whose fettered, fleshless limbs Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of Slaves; They gleam from the abyss; They cry, from vawning waves, "We are the Witnesses!"

Within Earth's wide domains Are markets for men's lives: Their necks are galled with chains, Their wrists are cramped with gyves.

Dead bodies, that the kite In deserts makes its prey; Murders, that with affright Scare schoolboys from their play!

All evil thoughts and deeds: Anger, and lust, and pride; The foulest, rankest weeds, That choke Life's groaning tide! 121

THE QUADROON GIRL.

These are the woes of Slaves; They glare from the abyss; They cry, from unknown graves, "We are the Witnesses!"

THE QUADROON GIRL.

THE Slaver in the broad lagoon
Lay moored with idle sail;
He waited for the rising moon,
And for the evening gale.

Under the shore his boat was tied, And all her listless crew Watched the gray alligator slide Into the still bayou.

Odors of orange-flowers, and spice, Reached them from time to time, Like airs that breathe from Paradise Upon a world of crime.

The Planter, under his roof of thatch, Smoked thoughtfully and slow; The Slaver's thumb was on the latch, He seemed in haste to go.

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THE QUADROON GIRL.

He said, "My ship at anchor rides In yonder broad lagoon: I only wait the evening tides, And the rising of the moon."

Before them, with her face upraised, In timid attitude, Like one half curious, half amazed, A Ouadroon maiden stood.

Her eyes were, like a falcon's, gray, Her arms and neck were bare; No garment she wore save a kirtle gay, And her own long, raven hair.

And on her lips there played a smile As holy, meek, and faint, As lights in some cathedral aisle The features of a saint.

"The soil is barren, — the farm is old;"
The thoughtful planter said;
Then looked upon the Slaver's gold,
And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife
With such accursed gains;
For he knew whose passions gave her life,
Whose blood ran in her veins.

THE WARNING.

But the voice of nature was too weak;

He took the glittering gold!

Then pale as death grew the maiden's cheek,

Her hands as icy cold.

The Slaver led her from the door, He led her by the hand, To be his slave and paramour In a strange and distant land!

THE WARNING.

Beware! The Israelite of old, who tore
The lion in his path, — when, poor and blind,
He saw the blessed light of heaven no more,
Shorn of his noble strength and forced to
grind

In prison, and at last led forth to be A pander to Philistine revelry, —

Upon the pillars of the temple laid
His desperate hands, and in its overthrow
Destroyed himself, and with him those who
made

A cruel mockery of his sightless woe; The poor, blind Slave, the scoff and jest of all, Expired, and thousands perished in the fall!



There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,
Shorn of his strength, and bound in bonds or
steel,

Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand, And shake the pillars of this Commonweal, Till the vast Temple of our liberties A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.



THE SPANISH STUDENT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VICTORIAN	ļ									Students of Alcalá.
Hypolito	•									
THE COUNT	0	F]	JA:	RA	ļ					Gentlemen of Madrid.
THE ARCHE	ISF	IOF	0	F 7	Гог	EI	ю.			
A CARDINA	L.									
BELTRAN C	RU	zA	DO							Count of the Gypsies.
BARTOLOME	R	OM	(A)							A young Gypsy.
THE PADRE	Cı	JR	10	řΟ	GU/	A D	ARE	RAI	ИA	
PEDRO CRE	SPC									Alcalde.
Pancho .										Alguacil.
FRANCISCO										Lara's Servant.
CHISPA .										Victorian's Servant.
BALTASAR										Innkeeper.
PRECIOSA .										A Gypsy Girl.
ANGELICA.										A poor Girl.
MARTINA										The Padre Cura's Niece
DOLORES .										Preciosa's Maid.

Gypsies, Musicians, etc.



THE SPANISH STUDENT.

ACT I.

Scene I.— The Count of Lara's chambers.

Night. The Count in his dressing-gown,
smoking and conversing with Don Carlos.

Lara. You were not at the play to-night, Don Carlos:

How happened it?

Don C. I had engagements elsewhere.

Pray who was there?

Lara. Why, all the town and court.

The house was crowded; and the busy fans
Among the gayly dressed and perfumed ladies
Fluttered like butterflies among the flowers.

There was the Countess of Medina Celi;
The Goblin Lady with her Phantom Lover,
Her Lindo Don Diego; Doña Sol,
And Doña Serefina, and her cousins.

Don C. What was the play?

Lara. It was a dull affair;
One of those comedies in which you see,
As Lope says, the history of the world
Brought down from Genesis to the Day of Judgment.

There were three duels fought in the first act, Three gentlemen receiving deadly wounds, Laying their hands upon their hearts, and saying, "O, I am dead!" a lover in a closet,

An old hidalgo, and a gay Don Juan,

A Doña Inez with a black mantilla, Followed at twilight by an unknown lover,

Followed at twilight by an unknown lover,

Who looks intently where he knows she is not!

Don C. Of course, the Preciosa danced to-, night?

Lara. And never better. Every footstep fell As lightly as a sunbeam on the water.

I think the girl extremely beautiful.

Don C. Almost beyond the privilege of woman!

I saw her in the Prado yesterday.

Her step was royal, — queen-like, — and her face As beautiful as a saint's in Paradise.

Lara. May not a saint fall from her Paradise,

And be no more a saint?

Don C. Why do you ask?

Lara. Because I have heard it said this angel fell,

And though she is an angel outwardly Within she is a sinner; like those panels

Of doors and altar-pieces the old monks

Painted in convents, with the Virgin Mary

On the outside, and on the inside Venus!

Don C. You do her wrong; indeed, you do her wrong!

She is as virtuous as she is fair.

Lara. How credulous you are! Why look you, friend,

There's not a virtuous woman in Madrid, In this whole city! And would you persuade

That a mere dancing-girl, who shows herself, Nightly, half-naked, on the stage, for money, And with voluptuous motions fires the blood Of inconsiderate youth, is to be held A model for her virtue?

Don C. You forget

She is a Gypsy girl.

Lara. And therefore won

The easier.

Don C. Nay, not to be won at all! The only virtue that a Gypsy prizes Is chastity. That is her only virtue. Dearer than life she holds it. I remember A Gypsy woman, a vile, shameless bawd, Whose craft was to betray the young and fair; And yet this woman was above all bribes. And when a noble lord, touched by her beauty, The wild and wizard beauty of her race, Offered her gold to be what she made others, She turned upon him, with a look of scorn, And smote him in the face!

Lara. And does that prove That Preciosa is above suspicion?



Don C. It proves a nobleman may be repulsed,

When he thinks conquest easy. I believe That woman, in her deepest degradation, Holds something sacred, something undefiled, Some pledge and keepsake of her higher nature, And, like the diamond in the dark, retains Some quenchless gleam of the celestial light!

Lara. Yet Preciosa would have taken the gold.

Don C. (rising). I do not think so.

Lara. I am sure of it.

But why this haste? Stay yet a little longer.

And fight the battles of your Dulcinea.

Don C. 'Tis late. I must begone, for if I stay

You will not be persuaded.

Lara. Yes; persuade me.

Don C. No one so deaf as he who will not hear!

Lara. No one so blind as he who will not see!

Don C. And so good-night. I wish you pleasant dreams,

And greater faith in woman. [Exit. Lara. Greater faith!

I have the greatest faith; for I believe

Victorian is her lover. I believe

That I shall be to-morrow; and thereafter Another, and another, and another, Chasing each other through her zodiac, As Taurus chases Aries.

(Enter Francisco with a casket.)

Well, Francisco,

What speed with Preciosa?

Fran. None, my lord.

She sends your jewels back, and bids me tell you

She is not to be purchased by your gold.

Lara. Then I will try some other way to win

Pray, dost thou know Victorian?

Fran. Yes, my lord;

I saw him at the jeweller's to-day.

Lara. What was he doing there?
Fran. I saw him buy

A golden ring, that had a ruby in it.

Lara. Was there another like it?
Fran. One so like it

Fran. One so like it I could not choose between them.

Lara. It is well.

To-morrow morning bring that ring to me. Do not forget. Now light me to my bed.

[Exeunt.

Scene II. — A street in Madrid. Enter Chispa, followed by musicians, with a bagpipe, guitars, and other instruments.

Chisha. Abernuncio Satanas! and a plague on all lovers who ramble about at night, drinking the elements, instead of sleeping quietly in their beds. Every dead man to his cemetery, say I: and every friar to his monastery. Now, here's my master, Victorian, vesterday a cowkeeper, and to-day a gentleman; vesterday a student, and to-day a lover; and I must be up later than the nightingale, for as the abbot sings so must the sacristan respond. God grant he may soon be married, for then shall all this serenading cease. Av. marry! marry! marry! Mother, what does marry mean? It means to spin, to bear children, and to weep, my daughter! And, of a truth, there is something more in matrimony than the wedding-ring. (To the musicians.) And now, gentlemen, Pax vobiscum! as the ass said to the cabbages. Pray, walk this way; and don't hang down your heads. It is no disgrace to have an old father and a ragged shirt. Now, look you, you are gentlemen who lead the life of crickets; you enjoy hunger by day and noise by night. Yet, I beseech you, for this once be not loud, but pathetic; for it is a

serenade to a damsel in bed, and not to the Man in the Moon. Your object is not to arouse and terrify, but to soothe and bring lulling dreams. Therefore, each shall not play upon his instrument as if it were the only one in the universe, but gently, and with a certain modesty, according with the others. Pray, how may I call thy name, friend?

First Mus. Gerónimo Gil, at your service.

Chispa. Every tub smells of the wine that is in it. Pray, Gerónimo, is not Saturday an unpleasant day with thee?

First Mus. Why so?

Chispa. Because I have heard it said that Saturday is an unpleasant day with those who have but one shirt. Moreover, I have seen thee at the tavern, and if thou canst run as fast as thou canst drink, I should like to hunt hares with thee. What instrument is that?

First Mus. An Aragonese bagpipe.

Clispa. Pray, art thou related to the bagpiper of Bujalance, who asked a maravedí for playing and ten for leaving off?

First Mus. No, your honor.

Chispa. I am glad of it. What other instruments have we?

Second and Third Musicians. We play the bandurria.

Chispa. A pleasing instrument. And thou? Fourth Mus. The fife.

Chispa. I like it; it has a cheerful, soulstirring sound, that soars up to my lady's window like the song of a swallow. And you others?

Other Mus. We are the singers, please your honor.

Chispa. You are too many. Do you think we are going to sing mass in the cathedral of Córdova? Four men can make but little use of one shoe, and I see not how you can all sing in one song. But follow me along the garden wall. That is the way my master climbs to the lady's window. It is by the Vicar's skirts that the Devil climbs into the belfry. Come, follow me, and make no noise.

[Exeunt.

Scene III. — Preciosa's chamber. She stands at the open window.

Prec. How slowly through the lilac-scented air Descends the tranquil moon! Like thistle-down The vapory clouds float in the peaceful sky; And sweetly from yon hollow vaults of shade The nightingales breathe out their souls in song. And hark! what songs of love, what soul-like sounds.

Answer them from below!

SERENADE.

Stars of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night! Where yonder woodbine creeps, Fold, fold thy pinions light! She sleeps! My lady sleeps! Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night! Tell her, her lover keeps Watch! while in slumbers light She sleeps! My lady sleeps!

(Enter VICTORIAN by the balcony.)

Vict. Poor little dove! Thou tremblest like a leaf!

Prec. I am so frightened! 'Tis for thee I tremble!

I hate to have thee climb that wall by night! Did no one see thee?

Vict. None, my love, but thou.

Prec. 'Tis very dangerous; and when thou art gone

I chide myself for letting thee come here





Thus stealthily by night. Where hast thou been? Since yesterday I have no news from thee.

Vict. Since yesterday I have been in Alcalá. Erelong the time will come, sweet Preciosa, When that dull distance shall no more divide us; And I no more shall scale thy wall by night To steal a kiss from thee, as I do now.

Prec. An honest thief, to steal but what thou givest.

Vict. And we shall sit together unmolested, And words of true love pass from tongue to tongue,

As singing birds from one bough to another.

Prec. That were a life to make time envious!

I knew that thou wouldst come to me to-night.

I saw thee at the play.

Vict.

Sweet child of air!

Never did I behold thee so attired And garmented in beauty as to-night! What hast thou done to make thee look so fair?

Prec. Am I not always fair?

Vict. Ay, and so fair

That I am jealous of all eyes that see thee,

And wish that they were blind.

Prec. I heed them not;

When thou art present, I see none but thee!

Vict. There's nothing fair nor beautiful, but takes

Something from thee, that makes it beautiful.

Prec. And yet thou leavest me for those dusty books!

Vict. Thou comest between me and those books too often!

I see thy face in everything I see!

The paintings in the chapel wear thy looks,

The canticles are changed to sarabands,

And with the learned doctors of the schools

I see thee dance cachuchas.

Prec. In good sooth,

I dance with learned doctors of the schools

To-morrow morning.

Vict. And with whom, 1 pray?

Prec. A grave and reverend Cardinal, and his Grace

The Archbishop of Toledo.

Vict.

What mad jest

Is this?

Prec. It is no jest; Indeed it is not.

Vict. Prithee, explain thyself.

Prec. Why, simply thus.

Thou knowest the Pope has sent here into Spain

To put a stop to dances on the stage.

Vict. I have heard it whispered.

Prec. Now the Cardinal,

Who for this purpose comes, would fain behold



With his own eyes these dances; and the Archbishop

Has sent for me -

Vict. That thou mayst dance before them! Now viva la cachucha! It will breathe The fire of youth into these gray old men! 'Twill be thy proudest conquest!

Saving one. Prec.

And yet I fear these dances will be stopped, And Preciosa be once more a beggar.

Vict. The sweetest beggar that e'er asked for alms:

With such beseeching eyes, that when I saw thee I gave my heart away!

Dost thou remember Prec

When first we met?

It was at Córdova. Vict.

In the cathedral garden. Thou wast sitting Under the orange trees, beside a fountain.

Prec. 'Twas Easter-Sunday. The full-blossomed trees

Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy. The priests were singing, and the organ sounded, And then anon the great cathedral bell.

It was the elevation of the Host.

We both of us fell down upon our knees, Under the orange boughs, and prayed together. I never had been happy till that moment.

Vict. Thou blessed angel!

Prec. And when thou wast gone I felt an aching here. I did not speak

To any one that day. But from that day Bartolomé grew hateful unto me.

Vict. Remember him no more. Let not his shadow

Come between thee and me. Sweet Preciosa! I loved thee even then, though I was silent!

Prec. I thought I ne'er should see thy face again.

Thy farewell had a sound of sorrow in it.

Vict. That was the first sound in the song of love!

Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound. Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings Of that mysterious instrument, the soul, And play the prelude of our faith. We hear The voice prophetic, and are not alone.

Prec. That is my faith. Dost thou believe these warnings?

Vict. So far as this. Our feelings and our thoughts

Tend ever on, and rest not in the Present.
As drops of rain fall into some dark well,
And from below comes a scarce audible sound,
So fall our thoughts into the dark Hereafter,
And their mysterious echo reaches us.

Prec. I have felt it so, but found no words to say it!

I cannot reason; I can only feel!
But thou hast language for all thoughts and feelings.

Thou art a scholar; and sometimes I think We cannot walk together in this world! The distance that divides us is too great! Henceforth thy pathway lies among the stars; I must not hold thee back.

Vict. Thou little sceptic!

Dost thou still doubt? What I most prize in

woman

Is her affections, not her intellect! The intellect is finite; but the affections Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted. Compare me with the great men of the earth; What am I? Why, a pygmy among giants! But if thou lovest, — mark me! I say lovest, The greatest of thy sex excels thee not! The world of the affections is thy world. Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart, Feeding its flame. The element of fire Is pure. It cannot change nor hide its nature, But burns as brightly in a Gypsy's camp As in a palace hall. Art thou convinced?

Prec. Yes, that I love thee, as the good love heaven:

But not that I am worthy of that heaven. How shall I more deserve it?

Vict. Loving more.

Prec. I cannot love thee more; my heart is full.

Vict. Then let it overflow, and I will drink it.

As in the summer-time the thirsty sands

Drink the swift waters of the Manzanares.

And still do thirst for more.

A Watchman (in the street). Ave Maria

Purissima! 'Tis midnight and serene!

Vict. Hear'st thou that cry?

Prec.

It is a hateful sound. To scare thee from me!

Vict. As the hunter's horn Doth scare the timid stag, or bark of hounds The moor-fowl from his mate.

Prec. Pray, do not go!

Vict. I must away to Alcalá to-night.

Think of me when I am away.

Fear not!

I have no thoughts that do not think of thee.

Vict. (giving her a ring). And to remind thee of my love, take this;

A serpent, emblem of Eternity;

A ruby, - say, a drop of my heart's blood.

Prec. It is an ancient saying, that the ruby

Brings gladness to the wearer, and preserves The heart pure, and, if laid beneath the pillow, Drives away evil dreams. But then, alas! It was a serpent tempted Eve to sin.

Vict. What convent of barefooted Carmelites

Taught thee so much theology?

Prec. (laying her hand upon his mouth).

Hush! hush!

Good-night! and may all holy angels guard thee!

Vict. Good-night! good-night! Thou art
my guardian angel!

I have no other saint than thou to pray to!

(He descends by the balcony.)

Prec. Take care, and do not hurt thee. Art thou safe?

Vict. (from the garden). Safe as my love for thee! But art thou safe?

Others can climb a balcony by moonlight As well as I. Pray shut thy window close; I am jealous of the perfumed air of night That from this garden climbs to kiss thy lips.

Prec. (throwing down her handkerchief).

Thou silly child! Take this to blind thine eves.

It is my benison!

Vict. And brings to me Sweet fragrance from thy lips, as the soft wind

Wafts to the out-bound mariner the breath Of the beloved land he leaves behind.

Prec. Make not thy voyage long.

Vict. To-morrow night Shall see me safe returned. Thou art the star

To guide me to an anchorage. Good-night!

My beauteous star! My star of love, goodnight!

Prec. Good-night!

Watchman (at a distance). Ave Maria Purissima!

Scene IV.— An inn on the road to Alcald.

Baltasar asleep on a bench. Enter Chispa.

Chispa. And here we are, half-way to Alcalá, between cocks and midnight. Body o' me! what an inn this is! The lights out, and the landlord asleep. Holá! ancient Baltasar!

Bal. (waking). Here I am.

Chispa. Yes, there you are, like a one-eyed Alcalde in a town without inhabitants. Bring a light, and let me have supper.

Bal. Where is your master?

Chispa. Do not trouble yourself about him. We have stopped a moment to breathe our horses; and, if he chooses to walk up and down in the open air, looking into the sky as one who hears it rain, that does not satisfy my hunger,

you know. But be quick, for I am in a hurry, and every man stretches his legs according to the length of his coverlet. What have we here?

Bal. (setting a light on the table). Stewed rabbit.

Chispa (eating). Conscience of Portalegre! Stewed kitten, you mean!

Bal. And a pitcher of Pedro Ximenes, with a roasted pear in it.

Chispa (drinking). Ancient Baltasar, amigo! You know how to cry wine and sell vinegar. I tell you this is nothing but Vino Tinto of La Mancha, with a tang of the swine-skin.

Bal. I swear to you by Saint Simon and Judas, it is all as I say.

Chispa. And I swear to you by Saint Peter and Saint Paul, that it is no such thing. Moreover, your supper is like the hidalgo's dinner, very little meat and a great deal of tablecloth.

Bal. Ha! ha! ha!

Chispa. And more noise than nuts.

Bal. Ha! ha! ha! You must have your joke, Master Chispa. But shall I not ask Don Victorian in, to take a draught of the Pedro Ximenes?

Chispa. No; you might as well say, "Don't-you-want-some?" to a dead man.

Bal. Why does he go so often to Madrid?

Chispa. For the same reason that he eats no supper. He is in love. Were you ever in love, Baltasar?

Bal. I was never out of it, good Chispa. It has been the torment of my life.

Chispa. What! are you on fire, too, old hay-stack? Why, we shall never be able to put you out.

Vict. (without). Chispa!

Chispa. Go to bed, Pero Grullo, for the cocks are crowing.

Vict. Ea! Chispa! Chispa!

Chispa. Ea! Señor. Come with me, ancient Baltasar, and bring water for the horses. I will pay for the supper to-morrow. [Exeunt.

Scene V. — Victorian's chambers at Alcalá. Hypolito asleep in an arm-chair. He awakes slowly.

Hyp. I must have been asleep! ay, sound asleep!

And it was all a dream. O sleep, sweet sleep! Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair, Holding unto our lips thy goblet filled Out of Oblivion's well, a healing draught! The candles have burned low; it must be late. Where can Victorian be? Like Fray Carillo, The only place in which one cannot find him Is his own cell. Here's his guitar, that seldom

Feels the caresses of its master's hand. Open thy silent lips, sweet instrument! And make dull midnight merry with a song.

(He plays and sings.)

Padre Francisco!
Padre Francisco!
What do you want of Padre Francisco?
Here is a pretty young maiden
Who wants to confess her sins!
Open the door and let her come in,
I will shrive her from every sin.

(Enter VICTORIAN.)

Vict. Padre Hypolito! Padre Hypolito!Hyp. What do you want of Padre Hypolito?Vict. Come, shrive me straight; for, if love be a sin,

I am the greatest sinner that doth live. I will confess the sweetest of all crimes, A maiden wooed and won.

Hyp. The same old tale
Of the old woman in the chimney-corner,
Who, while the pot boils, says, "Come here,
my child;

I'll tell thee a story of my wedding-day."

Vict. Nay, listen, for my heart is full; so full That I must speak.

Hyp. Alas! that heart of thine Is like a scene in the old play; the curtain Rises to solemn music, and lo! enter The eleven thousand virgins of Cologne!

Vict. Nay, like the Sibyl's volumes, thou shouldst say;

Those that remained, after the six were burned, Being held more precious than the nine together.

But listen to my tale. Dost thou remember The Gypsy girl we saw at Córdova Dance the Romalis in the market-place?

Hyp. Thou meanest Preciosa.

Vict. Ay, the same.

Thou knowest how her image haunted me Long after we returned to Alcalá.

She's in Madrid.

Hyp. I know it.

Vict. And I'm in love.

Hyp. And therefore in Madrid when thou shouldst be

In Alcalá.

Vict. O pardon me, my friend, If I so long have kept this secret from thee; But silence is the charm that guards such treasures.

And, if a word be spoken ere the time, They sink again, they were not meant for us.

Hyp. Alas! alas! I see thou art in love.

Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak.

It serves for food and raiment. Give a Spaniard

His mass, his olla, and his Doña Luisa—

Thou knowest the proverb. But pray tell me, lover.

How speeds thy wooing? Is the maiden coy? Write her a song, beginning with an Ave; Sing as the monk sang to the Virgin Mary,

Ave! cujus calcem clare Nec centenni commendare Sciret Seraph studio!

Vict. Pray, do not jest! This is no time for it!

Hyp. Seriously enamored? What, ho! The Primus of great Alcalá Enamored of a Gypsy? Tell me frankly,

How meanest thou?

Vict. I mean it honestly.

Hyp. Surely thou wilt not marry her!
Vict. Why not?

 $Hy\phi$. She was betrothed to one Bartolomé,

If I remember rightly, a young Gypsy Who danced with her at Córdova.

Vict. They quarrelled,

And so the matter ended.

Hyp. But in truth

Thou wilt not marry her.

Vict.

In truth I will.

The angels sang in heaven when she was born! She is a precious jewel I have found

Among the filth and rubbish of the world.

I'll stoop for it; but when I wear it here, Set on my forehead like the morning star, The world may wonder, but it will not laugh.

Hyp. If thou wear'st nothing else upon thy forehead.

'Twill be indeed a wonder.

Vict. Out upon thee With thy unseasonable jests! Pray tell me,

Is there no virtue in the world?

Hyp. Not much. What, think'st thou, is she doing at this moment;

Now, while we speak of her?

Vict. She lies asleep,

And from her parted lips her gentle breath Comes like the fragrance from the lips of flowers, Her tender limbs are still, and on her breast

The cross she prayed to, ere she fell asleep, Rises and falls with the soft tide of dreams,

Rises and falls with the soft tide of di Like a light barge safe moored.

Hyp. Which means, in prose,

She's sleeping with her mouth a little open!

Vict. O, would I had the old magician's glass

To see her as she lies in childlike sleep!

Hvp. And wouldst thou venture?

Vict. Ay, indeed I would!

Hyp. Thou art courageous. Hast thou e'er reflected

How much lies hidden in that one word, now?

Vict. Yes; all the awful mystery of Life! I oft have thought, my dear Hypolito, That could we, by some spell of magic, change The world and its inhabitants to stone, In the same attitudes they now are in, What fearful glances downward might we cast Into the hollow chasms of human life! What groups should we behold about the deathbed.

Putting to shame the group of Niobe! What joyful welcomes, and what sad farewells! What stony tears in those congealed eyes! What visible joy or anguish in those cheeks! What bridal pomps, and what funereal shows! What foes, like gladiators, fierce and struggling! What lovers with their marble lips together!

Hyp. Ay, there it is! and, if I were in love, That is the very point I most should dread. This magic glass, these magic spells of thine, Might tell a tale were better left untold. For instance, they might show us thy fair cousin, The Lady Violante, bathed in tears Of love and anger, like the maid of Colchis, Whom thou, another faithless Argonaut, Having won that golden fleece, a woman's love, Desertest for this Glaucè.

Vict. Hold thy peace! She cares not for me. She may wed another,

Or go into a convent, and, thus dying, Marry Achilles in the Elysian Fields.

Hyp. (rising). And so, good-night!

Good-morning, I should say.

(Clock strikes three.)

Hark! how the loud and ponderous mace of Time Knocks at the golden portals of the day! And so, once more, good-night! We'll speak more largely

Of Preciosa when we meet again. Get thee to bed, and the magician, Sleep, Shall show her to thee, in his magic glass, In all her loveliness. Good-night!

[Exit. Vict. Good-night.

But not to bed; for I must read awhile.

(Throws himself into the arm-chair which Hypo-LITO has left, and lays a large book open upon his knees.)

Must read, or sit in revery and watch
The changing color of the waves that break
Upon the idle seashore of the mind!
Visions of Fame! that once did visit me,
Making night glorious with your smile, where
are ye?

O, who shall give me, now that ye are gone, Juices of those immortal plants that bloom

Upon Olympus, making us immortal?
Or teach me where that wondrous mandrake grows

Whose magic root, torn from the earth with groans,

At midnight hour, can scare the fiends away, And make the mind prolific in its fancies? I have the wish, but want the will, to act! Souls of great men departed! Ye whose words Have come to light from the swift river of Time, Like Roman swords found in the Tagus' bed. Where is the strength to wield the arms ve bore? From the barred visor of Antiquity Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth. As from a mirror! All the means of action -The shapeless masses, the materials -Lie everywhere about us. What we need Is the celestial fire to change the flint Into transparent crystal, bright and clear. That fire is genius! The rude peasant sits At evening in his smoky cot, and draws With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall. The son of genius comes, foot-sore with travel, And begs a shelter from the inclement night. He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand. And, by the magic of his touch at once Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine, And, in the eyes of the astonished clown,

It gleams a diamond! Even thus transformed, Rude popular traditions and old tales Shine as immortal poems, at the touch Of some poor, houseless, homeless, wandering hard

Who had but a night's lodging for his pains. But there are brighter dreams than those of Fame,

Which are the dreams of Love! Out of the heart

Rises the bright ideal of these dreams, As from some woodland fount a spirit rises And sinks again into its silent deeps, Ere the enamored knight can touch her robe! 'Tis this ideal that the soul of man. Like the enamored knight beside the fountain, Waits for upon the margin of Life's stream; Waits to behold her rise from the dark waters, Clad in a mortal shape! Alas! how many Must wait in vain! The stream flows evermore, But from its silent deeps no spirit rises! Yet I, born under a propitious star, Have found the bright ideal of my dreams. Yes! she is ever with me. I can feel Here, as I sit at midnight and alone, Her gentle breathing! on my breast can feel, The pressure of her head! God's benison Rest ever on it! Close those beauteous eves.



Sweet Sleep! and all the flowers that bloom at night

With balmy lips breathe in her ears my name!

(Gradually sinks asleep.)

ACT II.

Scene I. — Preciosa's chamber. Morning.

Preciosa and Angelica.

Prec. Why will you go so soon? Stay yet awhile.

The poor too often turn away unheard

From hearts that shut against them with a sound That will be heard in heaven. Pray, tell me more

Of your adversities. Keep nothing from me. What is your landlord's name?

Ang.

The Count of Lara.

Prec. The Count of Lara? O, beware that man!

Mistrust his pity, — hold no parley with him! And rather die an outcast in the streets

Than touch his gold.

Ang. Prec. You know him, then! As much

As any woman may, and yet be pure.

As you would keep your name without a blemish, Beware of him!

Ang. Alas! what can I do? I cannot choose my friends. Each word of kindness.

Come whence it may, is welcome to the poor.

Prec. Make me your friend. A girl so young and fair

Should have no friends but those of her own sex.

What is your name?

Ang. Angelica.

Prec. That name Was given you, that you might be an angel To her who bore you! When your infant smile Made her home Paradise, you were her angel. O, be an angel still! She needs that smile. So long as you are innocent, fear nothing. No one can harm you! I am a poor girl, Whom chance has taken from the public streets. I have no other shield than mine own virtue. That is the charm which has protected me! Amid a thousand perils, I have worn it

Here on my heart! It is my guardian angel.

Ang. (rising). I thank you for this counsel,

dearest lady.

Prec. Thank me by following it.

Ang. Indeed I will.





Prec. Pray, do not go. I have much more to say.

Ang. My mother is alone. I dare not leave her.

Prec. Some other time, then, when we meet again.

You must not go away with words alone.

(Gives her a purse.)

Take this. Would it were more.

Ang. I thank you, lady.

Prec. No thanks. To-morrow come to me again.

I dance to-night, - perhaps for the last time.

But what I gain, I promise shall be yours,

If that can save you from the Count of Lara.

Ang. O, my dear lady! how shall I be grateful
For so much kindness?

Prec. I deserve no thanks, Thank Heaven, not me.

Ang. Both Heaven and you.

Prec. Farewell.
Remember that you come again to-morrow.

Ang. I will. And may the Blessed Virgin guard you,

And all good angels. [Exit. Prec. May they guard thee too,

And all the poor; for they have need of angels.

Now bring me, dear Dolores, my basquiña, My richest maja dress, — my dancing dress, And my most precious jewels! Make me look Fairer than night e'er saw me! I've a prize To win this day, worthy of Preciosa!

(Enter Beltran Cruzado.)

Cruz. Ave Maria!

Prec. O God! my evil genius!

What seekest thou here to-day?

Cruz. Thyself, — my child.

Prec. What is thy will with me?

Cruz. Gold! gold!

Prec. I gave thee yesterday; I have no more. Cruz. The gold of the Busné,—give me his

gold!

Prec. I gave the last in charity to-day.

Prec. I gave the last in the

Cruz. That is a foolish lie.

Prec. It is the truth.

Cruz. Curses upon thee! Thou art not my child!

Hast thou given gold away, and not to me?

Not to thy father? To whom, then?

Prec. To one

Who needs it more.

Cruz. No one can need it more.

Prec. Thou art not poor.

Cruz. What, I, who lurk about

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In dismal suburbs and unwholesome lanes; I, who am housed worse than the galley slave; I, who am fed worse than the kennelled hound; I, who am clothed in rags, — Beltran Cruzado, — Not poor!

Prec. Thou hast a stout heart and strong hands.

Thou canst supply thy wants; what wouldst thou more?

Cruz. The gold of the Busné! give me his gold!

Prec. Beltran Cruzado! hear me once for all. I speak the truth. So long as I had gold, I gave it to thee freely, at all times, Never denied thee; never had a wish But to fulfil thine own. Now go in peace! Be merciful, be patient, and erelong Thou shalt have more.

Cruz. And if I have it not, Thou shalt no longer dwell here in rich chambers, Wear silken dresses, feed on dainty food, And live in idleness; but go with me, Dance the Romalis in the public streets, And wander wild again o'er field and fell; For here we stay not long.

Prec. What! march again?
Cruz. Ay, with all speed. I hate the crowded town!

I cannot breathe shut up within its gates! Air, — I want air, and sunshine, and blue sky, The feeling of the breeze upon my face, The feeling of the turf beneath my feet, And no walls but the far-off mountain-tops. Then I am free and strong, — once more myself, Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés!

Prec. God speed thee on thy march! — I cannot go.

Cruz. Remember who I am, and who thou art!
Be silent and obey! Yet one thing more.
Bartolomé Román—

Prec. (with emotion). O, I beseech thee If my obedience and blameless life, If my humility and meek submission In all things hitherto, can move in thee One feeling of compassion; if thou art Indeed my father, and canst trace in me One look of her who bore me, or one tone That doth remind thee of her, let it plead In my behalf, who am a feeble girl. Too feeble to resist, and do not force me To wed that man! I am afraid of him! I do not love him! On my knees I beg thee To use no violence, nor do in haste What cannot be undone!

Cruz. O child, child, child!
Thou hast betrayed thy secret, as a bird

Prec. Woe is me! I have a strange misgiving in my heart! But that one deed of charity I'll do, Befall what may; they cannot take that from me.

Scene II. — A room in the Archbishop's Palace.

The Archbishop and a Cardinal seated.

Arch. Knowing how near it touched the public morals,

And that our age has grown corrupt and rotten By such excesses, we have sent to Rome, Beseeching that his Holiness would aid In curing the gross surfeit of the time, By seasonable stop put here in Spain To bull-fights and lewd dances on the stage All this you know.

Card.

Know and approve.

And further,

Arch.

nis Holiness.

That, by a mandate from his Holiness, The first have been suppressed.

Card.

I trust forever.

It was a cruel sport.

Arch.

A barbarous pastime,

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Disgraceful to the land that calls itself Most Catholic and Christian.

Card. Yet the people Murmur at this; and, if the public dances Should be condemned upon too slight occasion, Worse ills might follow than the ills we cure. As Panem et Circenses was the cry

Among the Roman populace of old, So *Pan y Toros* is the cry in Spain. Hence I would act advisedly herein; And therefore have induced your Grace to see These national dances, ere we interdict them.

(Enter a Servant.)

Serv. The dancing-girl, and with her the musicians

Your Grace was pleased to order, wait without.

Arch. Bid them come in. Now shall your
eyes behold

In what angelic, yet voluptuous shape The Devil came to tempt Saint Anthony.

(Enter Preciosa, with a mantle thrown over her head. She advances slowly, in modest, halftimid attitude.)

Card. (aside). O, what a fair and ministering angel

Was lost to heaven when this sweet woman fell!

Prec. (kneeling before the Archbishop).

have obeyed the order of your Grace.

If I intrude upon your better hours,

I proffer this excuse, and here beseech Your holy benediction.

Arch. May God bless thee,

And lead thee to a better life. Arise.

Card. (aside). Her acts are modest, and her words discreet!

I did not look for this! Come hither, child.

Is thy name Preciosa?

Prec. Thus I am called.

Card. That is a Gypsy name. Who is thy father?

Prec. Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés.

Arch. I have a dim remembrance of that man; He was a hold and reckless character.

A sun-burnt Ishmael!

Card. Dost thou remember

Thy earlier days?

Prec. Yes; by the Darro's side

My childhood passed. I can remember still The river, and the mountains capped with snow;

The villages, where, yet a little child,

I told the traveller's fortune in the street;

The smuggler's horse, the brigand and the shepherd:

The march across the moor; the halt at noon;

The red fire of the evening camp, that lighted The forest where we slept; and, further back, As in a dream or in some former life. Gardens and palace walls.

Arch.

'Tis the Alhambra, Under whose towers the Gypsy camp was pitched. But the time wears: and we would see thee dance. Prec. Your Grace shall be obeyed.

(She lavs aside her mantilla. The music of the cachucha is played, and the dance begins. The ARCHBISHOP and the CARDINAL look on with gravity and an occasional frown; then make signs to each other; and, as the dance continues, become more and more pleased and excited; and at length rise from their seats, throw their caps in the air, and applaud vehemently as the scene closes.)

Scene III. - The Prado. A long avenue of trees leading to the gate of Atocha. On the right the dome and spires of a convent. A fountain. Evening, Don Carlos and Hypolito meeting. Don C. Holá! good-evening, Don Hypolito. Hyp. And a good-evening to my friend, Don Carlos.

Some lucky star has led my steps this way. I was in search of you.

Command me always. Don C. 162

Hyp. Do you remember, in Quevedo's Dreams, The miser, who, upon the Day of Judgment, Asks if his money-bags would rise?

Don C.

I do,

But what of that?

Hyp. I am that wretched man. Don C. You mean to tell me yours have risen empty?

Hyp. And amen! said my Cid the Campeador.

Don C. Pray, how much need you?

Hyp. Some half-dozen ounces,

Which, with due interest -

Don C. (giving his purse). What, am I a Jew To put my moneys out at usury?

Here is my purse.

Hyp. Thank you. A pretty purse. Made by the hand of some fair Madrileña; Perhaps a keepsake.

Don C. No, 'tis at your service.

Hyp. Thank you again. Lie there, good
Chrysostom,

And with thy golden mouth remind me often,

I am the debtor of my friend.

But tell me,

Come you to-day from Alcalá?

Hyp. This moment.

Don C. And pray, how fares the brave Victorian?

Hyp. Indifferent well; that is to say, not well. A damsel has ensnared him with the glances Of her dark, roving eyes, as herdsmen catch A steer of Andalusia with a lazo. He is in love.

And is it faring ill Don C.

To be in love?

In his case very ill. Hyp.

Don C. Why so?

Hyb, For many reasons. First and foremost, Because he is in love with an ideal;

A creature of his own imagination; A child of air; an echo of his heart;

And, like a lily on the river floating, She floats upon the river of his thoughts!

Don C. A common thing with poets. who is

This floating lily? For, in fine, some woman, Some living woman, - not a mere ideal, -Must wear the outward semblance of his thought. Who is it? Tell me.

Well, it is a woman! Hvb. But, look you, from the coffer of his heart He brings forth precious jewels to adorn her, As pious priests adorn some favorite saint With gems and gold, until at length she gleams One blaze of glory. Without these, you know, And the priest's benediction, 'tis a doll.

Don C. Well, well! who is this doll?

Hyp. Why, whom do you think?

Don C. His cousin Violante.

Hyp. Guess again. To ease his laboring heart, in the last storm

He threw her overboard, with all her ingots.

Don C. I cannot guess; so tell me who it is.

Hyp. Not I.

Don C. Why not?

Hyp. (mysteriously). Why? Because Mari Franca

Was married four leagues out of Salamanca!

Don C. Jesting aside, who is it?

Hyp. Preciosa.

Don C. Impossible! The Count of Lara tells

She is not virtuous.

Hyp. Did I say she was?

The Roman Emperor Claudius had a wife

Whose name was Messalina, as I think;

Valeria Messalina was her name.

But hist! I see him yonder through the trees, Walking as in a dream.

Don C. He comes this way.

Hyp. It has been truly said by some wise man,

That money, grief, and love cannot be hidden.

(Enter VICTORIAN in front.)

Vict. Where'er thy step has passed is holy ground!

These groves are sacred! I behold thee walking Under these shadowy trees, where we have walked

At evening, and I feel thy presence now;

Feel that the place has taken a charm from thee, And is forever hallowed.

Hyp. Mark him well,

See how he strides away with lordly air,

Like that odd guest of stone, that grim Commander

Who comes to sup with Juan in the play.

Don C. What ho! Victorian!

Hyp. Wilt thou sup with us? Vict. Holá! Amigos! Faith, I did not see you.

How fares Don Carlos?

Don C. At your service ever.

Vict. How is that young and green-eyed Gaditana

That you both wot of?

Don. C. Ay, soft, emerald eyes!

She has gone back to Cadiz.

Hyp. Ay de mi! Vict. You are much to blame for letting her go back.

A pretty girl; and in her tender eyes

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Just that soft shade of green we sometimes see

In evening skies.

Hyp. But, speaking of green eyes,

Are thine green?

Vict. Not a whit. Why so?

Нур. I think The slightest shade of green would be becoming,

For thou art jealous.

Vict.

No, I am not jealous.

Hvp. Thou shouldst be.

Vict. Why?

Hyp. Because thou art in love. And they who are in love are always jealous.

Therefore thou shouldst be.

Vict. Marry, is that all? Farewell; I am in haste. Farewell, Don Carlos. Thou sayest I should be jealous?

Hyp. Ay, in truth

I fear there is reason. Be upon thy guard. I hear it whispered that the Count of Lara

I hear it whispered that the Count of Lar Lays siege to the same citadel.

Vict. Indeed!

Then he will have his labor for his pains.

Hyp. He does not think so, and Don Carlos tells me

He boasts of his success.

Vict. How's this, Don Carlos?

Don C. Some hints of it I heard from his own lips.

He spoke but lightly of the lady's virtue, As a gay man might speak.

Viet. Death and damnation! I'll cut his lying togue out of his mouth, And throw it to my dog! But no, no, no! This cannot be. You jest, indeed you jest. Trifle with me no more. For otherwise We are no longer friends. And so, farewell!

[Exit. Hyp. Now what a coil is here! The Aven-

ging Child
Hunting the traitor Quadros to his death,
And the great Moor Calaynos, when he rode
To Paris for the ears of Oliver,
Were nothing to him! O hot-headed youth!
But come; we will not follow. Let us join
The crowd that pours into the Prado. There
We shall find merrier company; I see
The Marialonzos and the Almavivas,

And fifty fans, that beckon me already.

[Exeunt.

Scene IV. — Preciosa's chamber. She is sitting, with a book in her hand, near a table, on which are flowers. A bird singing in its cage. The Count of Lara enters behind unperceived.

Prec. (reads).

All are sleeping, weary heart! Thou, thou only sleepless art!

Heigho! I wish Victorian were here. I know not what it is makes me so restless!

(The bird sings.)

Thou little prisoner with thy motley coat, That from thy vaulted, wiry dungeon singest, Like thee I am a captive, and, like thee, I have a gentle jailer. Lack-a-day!

> All are sleeping, weary heart! Thou, thou only sleepless art! All this throbbing, all this aching, Evermore shall keep thee waking, For a heart in sorrow breaking Thinketh ever of its smart.

Thou speakest truly, poet! and methinks More hearts are breaking in this world of ours Than one would say. In distant villages And solitudes remote, where winds have wafted The barbèd seeds of love, or birds of passage Scattered them in their flight, do they take root, And grow in silence, and in silence perish. Who hears the falling of the forest leaf?



Or who takes note of every flower that dies? Heigho! I wish Victorian would come. Dolores!

Dolores :

(Turns to lay down her book, and perceives the COUNT.)

Ha!

Lara. Señora, pardon me!

Prec. How's this? Dolores!

Lara. Pardon me —

Prec. Dolores!

Lara. Be not alarmed; I found no one in waiting.

If I have been too bold -

Prec. (turning her back upon him). You are too bold!

Retire! retire, and leave me!

Lara. My dear lady,

First hear me! I beseech you, let me speak! 'Tis for your good I come.

Prec. (turning toward him with indignation).
Begone! begone!

You are the Count of Lara, but your deeds Would make the statues of your ancestors Blush on their tombs! Is it Castilian honor, Is it Castilian pride, to steal in here Upon a friendless girl, to do her wrong? O shame! shame! shame! that you, a nobleman, Should be so little noble in your thoughts

As to send jewels here to win my love, And think to buy my honor with your gold! I have no words to tell you how I scorn you! Begone! The sight of you is hateful to me! Begone, I say!

Lara. Be calm; I will not harm you.

Prec. Because you dare not.

Lara. I dare anything!

Therefore beware! You are deceived in me. In this false world, we do not always know Who are our friends and who our enemies. We all have enemies, and all need friends.

Even you, fair Preciosa, here at court Have foes, who seek to wrong you.

Prec.

If to this

I owe the honor of the present visit,

You might have spared the coming. Having spoken,

Once more I beg you, leave me to myself.

Lara. I thought it but a friendly part to tell you

What strange reports are current here in town. For my own self, I do not credit them; But there are many who, not knowing you,

Will lend a readier ear.

Prec. There was no need

That you should take upon yourself the duty Of telling me these tales.

Lara. Malicious tongues
Are ever busy with your name.

Prec. Alas!

I've no protectors. I am a poor girl, Exposed to insults and unfeeling jests.

They wound me, yet I cannot shield myself. I give no cause for these reports. I live Retired; am visited by none.

Lara. By none?

O, then, indeed, you are much wronged!

Prec. How mean you?

Lara. Nay, nay; I will not wound your gen-

tle soul
By the report of idle tales.

Prec. Speak out!

What are these idle tales? You need not spare me.

Lara. I will deal frankly with you. Pardon me:

This window, as I think, looks toward the street, And this into the Prado. does it not? In yon high house, beyond the garden wall, — You see the roof there just above the trees, — There lives a friend, who told me yesterday, That on a certain night. — be not offended If I too plainly speak, — he saw a man Climb to your chamber window. You are silent! I would not blame you, being young and fair —

(He tries to embrace her. She starts back, and draws a dagger from her bosom.)

Prec. Beware! beware! I am a Gypsy girl!
Lay not your hand upon me. One step nearer
And I will strike!

Lara. Pray you, put up that dagger. Fear not.

Prec. I do not fear. I have a heart In whose strength I can trust.

Lara. Listen to me. I come here as your friend, — I am your friend, — And by a single word can put a stop
To all those idle tales, and make your name
Spotless as lilies are. Here on my knees,
Fair Preciosa! on my knees I swear,
I love you even to madness, and that love
Has driven me to break the rules of custom,
And force myself unasked into your presence.

(VICTORIAN enters behind.)

Prec. Rise, Count of Lara! That is not the place

For such as you are. It becomes you not To kneel before me. I am strangely moved To see one of your rank thus low and humbled; For your sake I will put aside all anger, All unkind feeling, all dislike, and speak In gentleness, as most becomes a woman,

And as my heart now prompts me. I no more Will hate you, for all hate is painful to me. But if, without offending modesty And that reserve which is a woman's glory, I may speak freely, I will teach my heart To love you.

Lara. O sweet angel!

Prec. Ay, in truth,

Far better than you love yourself or me.

Lara. Give me some sign of this, — the slightest token.

Let me but kiss your hand!

Nay, come no nearer. The words I utter are its sign and token. Misunderstand me not! Be not deceived! The love wherewith I love you is not such As you would offer me. For you come here To take from me the only thing I have. My honor. You are wealthy, you have friends And kindred, and a thousand pleasant hopes That fill your heart with happiness; but I Am poor, and friendless, having but one treasure, And you would take that from me, and for what? To flatter your own vanity, and make me What you would most despise. O sir, such love, That seeks to harm me, cannot be true love. Indeed it cannot. But my love for you Is of a different kind. It seeks your good.

It is a holier feeling. It rebukes Your earthly passion, your unchaste desires, And bids you look into your heart, and see How you do wrong that better nature in you, And grieve your soul with sin.

Lara. I swear to you, I would not harm you; I would only love you. I would not take your honor, but restore it, And in return I ask but some slight mark Of your affection. If indeed you love me, As you confess you do, O let me thus With this embrace —

Vict. (rushing forward). Hold! hold! This is too much.

What means this outrage?

Lara. First, what right have you To question thus a nobleman of Spain?

Vict. I too am noble, and you are no more!
Out of my sight!

Lara. Are you the master here?

Vict. Ay, here and elsewhere, when the wrong of others

Gives me the right!

Prec. (to Lara). Go! I beseech you, go! Vict. I shall have business with you, Count, anon!

Lara. You cannot come too soon! [Exit. Prec. Victorian!

O, we have been betrayed!

Vict. Ha! ha! betrayed!

'Tis I have been betrayed, not we! - not we!

Prec. Dost thou imagine -

Vict. I imagine nothing:

I see how 'tis thou whilest the time away

When I am gone!

Prec. O speak not in that tone!

It wounds me deeply.

Vict. 'Twas not meant to flatter.

Prec. Too well thou knowest the presence of that man

Is hateful to me!

Vict. Yet I saw thee stand

And listen to him, when he told his love.

Prec. I did not heed his words.

Vict. Indeed thou didst,

And answeredst them with love.

Prec. Hadst thou heard all —

Vict. I heard enough.

Prec. Be not so angry with me.

Vict. I am not angry; I am very calm.

Prec. If thou wilt let me speak -

Vict. Nay, say no more.

I know too much already. Thou art false!

I do not like these Gypsy marriages!

Where is the ring I gave thee?

Prec. In my casket.

Vict. There let it rest! I would not have thee wear it:

I thought thee spotless, and thou art polluted!

Prec. I call the Heavens to witness —

Vict.

Nav. nav. nav!

Take not the name of Heaven upon thy lips! They are forsworn!

Prec. Victorian! dear Victorian!

Vict. I gave up all for thee; myself, my fame, My hopes of fortune, ay, my very soul! And thou hast been my ruin! Now, go on! Laugh at my folly with thy paramour, And, sitting on the Count of Lara's knee, Say what a poor, fond fool Victorian was!

(He casts her from him and rushes out.)

Prec. And this from thee!

(Scene closes.)

Scene V. — The Count of Lara's rooms. Enter the Count.

Lara. There's nothing in this world so sweet as love,

And next to love the sweetest thing is hate! I've learned to hate, and therefore am revenged. A silly girl to play the prude with me! The fire that I have kindled—

(Enter Francisco.)

Well, Francisco,

What tidings from Don Juan?

Fran. Good, my lord;

He will be present.

Lara. And the Duke of Lermos?

Fran. Was not at home.

Lara. How with the rest?
Fran. I've found

The men you wanted. They will all be there, And at the given signal raise a whirlwind Of such discordant noises, that the dance Must cease for lack of music.

Lara. Bravely done.
Ah! little dost thou dream, sweet Preciosa,
What lies in wait for thee. Sleep shall not close
Thine eyes this night! Give me my cloak and
sword.

[Exeunt.

Scene VI.—A retired spot beyond the city gates.

Enter Victorian and Hypolito.

Vict. O shame! O shame! Why do I walk abroad

By daylight, when the very sunshine mocks me, And voices, and familiar sights and sounds Cry, "Hide thyself!" O what a thin partition

Doth shut out from the curious world the knowledge

Of evil deeds that have been done in darkness!

Disgrace has many tongues. My fears are windows.

Through which all eyes seem gazing. Every face Expresses some suspicion of my shame,

And in derision seems to smile at me!

Hyp. Did I not caution thee? Did I not tell thee

I was but half persuaded of her virtue?

Vict. And yet, Hypolito, we may be wrong, We may be over-hasty in condemning!

The Count of Lara is a cursèd villain.

Hyp. And therefore is she cursed, loving him.
Vict. She does not love him! 'Tis for gold!
for gold!

Hyp. Ay, but remember, in the public streets He shows a golden ring the Gypsy gave him, A serpent with a ruby in its mouth.

Vict. She had that ring from me! God! she is false!

But I will be revenged! The hour is passed. Where stays the coward?

Hyp. Nay, he is no coward; A villain, if thou wilt, but not a coward.

I've seen him play with swords; it is his pastime.

And therefore be not over-confident, He'll task thy skill anon. Look, here he comes.

(Enter LARA followed by FRANCISCO.)

Lara. Good-evening, gentlemen.

Hyp. Good-evening, Count.

Lara. I trust I have not kept you long in waiting.

Vict. Not long, and yet too long. Are you prepared?

Lara. I am.

Hyp. It grieves me much to see this quarrel

Between you, gentlemen. Is there no way Left open to accord this difference,

But you must make one with your swords?

Vict. No! none!

I do entreat thee, dear Hypolito,

Stand not between me and my foe. Too long
Our tongues have spoken. Let these tongues of
steel

End our debate. Upon your guard, Sir Count.

(They fight. VICTORIAN disarms the COUNT.)

Your life is mine; and what shall now withhold

From sending your vile soul to its account?

Lara. Strike! strike!

Vou are disarmed.

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I will not kill you. I will not murder you. Take up your sword.

(Francisco hands the Count his sword, and Hypolito interposes.)

Hyp. Enough! Let it end here! The Count of Lara

Has shown himself a brave man, and Victorian A generous one as ever. Now be friends.

Put up your swords; for, to speak frankly to you.

Your cause of quarrel is too slight a thing To move you to extremes.

Lara. I am content. I sought no quarrel. A few hasty words, Spoken in the heat of blood, have led to this. Vict. Nav. something more than that.

Lara. I understand you.

Therein I did not mean to cross your path.

To me the door stood open, as to others.
But, had I known the girl belonged to you,
Never would I have sought to win her from you.
The truth stands now revealed: she has been

false

To both of us.

Vict. Ay, false as hell itself!

Lara. In truth, ¶ did not seek her; she
sought me:

And told me how to win her, telling me The hours when she was oftenest left alone.

Vict. Say, can you prove this to me? O, pluck out

These awful doubts, that goad me into madness!

Let me know all! all! all!

Lara. You shall know all. Here is my page, who was the messenger Between us. Question him. Was it not so,

Francisco?

Fran. Ay, my lord.

Lara. If further proof Is needful, I have here a ring she gave me.

Vict. Pray let me see that ring! It is the same!

(Throws it upon the ground, and tramples upon it.)

Thus may she perish who once wore that ring! Thus do I spurn her from me: do thus trample Her memory in the dust! O Count of Lara, We both have been abused, been much abused! I thank you for your courtesy and frankness.

Though like the surgeon's hand, yours gave me

Though, like the surgeon's hand, yours gave me pain,
Yet it has cured my blindness, and I thank you.

I now can see the folly I have done, Though 'tis alas! too late. So fare you well!

To-night I leave this hateful town forever.

Regard me as your friend. Once more farewell!

Hyp. Farewell, Sir Count.

[Exeunt VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO.

Lara. Farewell! farewell! farewell!

Thus have I cleared the field of my worst foe! I have none else to fear; the fight is done,

The citadel is stormed, the victory won!

[Exit with Francisco.

Scene VII.—A lane in the suburbs. Night.

Enter Cruzado and Bartolome.

Cruz. And so, Bartolomé, the expedition failed. But where wast thou for the most part?

Bart. In the Guadarrama mountains, near

San Ildefonso.

Cruz. And thou bringest nothing back with thee? Didst thou rob no one?

Bart. There was no one to rob, save a party of students from Segovia, who looked as if they would rob us; and a jolly little friar, who had nothing in his pockets but a missal and a loaf of bread.

Cruz. Pray, then, what brings thee back to Madrid?

Bart. First tell me what keeps thee here?

Cruz. Preciosa.

Bart. And she brings me back. Hast thou forgotten thy promise?

Cruz. The two years are not passed yet. Wait patiently. The girl shall be thine.

Bart. I hear she has a Busné lover.

Cruz. That is nothing.

Bart. I do not like it. I hate him, — the son of a Busné harlot. He goes in and out, and speaks with her alone, and I must stand aside, and wait his pleasure.

Cruz. Be patient, I say. Thou shalt have thy revenge. When the time comes, thou shalt waylay him.

Bart. Meanwhile, show me her house.

Cruz. Come this way. But thou wilt not find her. She dances at the play to-night.

Bart. No matter. Show me the house.

[Exeunt.

Scene VIII. — The Theatre. The orchestra plays the cachucha. Sound of castanets behind the scenes. The curtain rises, and discovers Preciosa in the attitude of commencing the dance. The cachucha. Tunult; hisses; cries of "Brava!" and "Afuera!" She falters and pauses. The music stops. General confusion. Preciosa faints.

Scene IX. — The Count of Lara's chambers. Lara and his friends at supper.

Lara. So, Caballers, once more many thanks!

You have stood by me bravely in this matter. Pray fill your glasses.

Don J. Did you mark, Don Luis, How pale she looked, when first the noise began, And then stood still, with her large eyes dilated! Her nostrils spread! her lips apart! her bosom Tumultuous as the sea!

Don L. I pitied her.

Lara. Her pride is humbled; and this very night

I mean to visit her.

Don 7. Will you serenade her?

Lara. No music! no more music!

Don L. Why not music?

It softens many hearts.

Lara. Not in the humor

She now is in. Music would madden her. Don 7. Try golden cymbals.

Don L. Yes, try Don Dinero;

A mighty wooer is your Don Dinero.

Lara. To tell the truth, then, I have bribed her maid.

But, Caballeros, you dislike this wine.

A bumper and away; for the night wears. A health to Preciosa.

(They rise and drink.)

All.

Preciosa.

Lara (holding up his glass). Thou bright and flaming minister of Love!

Thou wonderful magician! who hast stolen My secret from me, and mid sighs of passion Caught from my lips, with red and fiery tongue, Her precious name! O nevermore henceforth Shall mortal lips press thine; and nevermore A mortal name be whispered in thine ear.

Go! keep my secret!

(Drinks and dashes the goblet down.)

Don 7.

Ite! missa est!

(Scene closes.)

Scene X.—Street and garden wall. Night.
Enter Cruzado and Bartolomé.

Cruz. This is the garden wall, and above it, yonder, is her house. The window in which thou seest the light is her window. But we will not go in now.

Bart. Why not?

Cruz. Because she is not at home.

Bart. No matter; we can wait. But how is

this? The gate is bolted. (Sound of guitars and voices in a neighboring street.) Hark! There comes her lover with his infernal serenade! Hark!

SONG.

Good-night! Good-night, beloved! I come to watch o'er thee!
To be near thee, — to be near thee,
Alone is peace for me.

Thine eyes are stars of morning,
Thy lips are crimson flowers!
Good-night! Good-night, beloved,
While I count the weary hours.

Cruz. They are not coming this way. Bart. Wait, they begin again.

SONG (coming nearer).

Ah! thou moon that shinest Argent-clear above! All night long enlighten My sweet lady-love! Moon that shinest, All night long enlighten!

Bart. Woe be to him, if he comes this way!
Cruz. Be quiet. They are passing down the street.

song (dying away).

The nuns in the cloister
Sang to each other;
For so many sisters
Is there not one brother!
Ay, for the patridge, mother!
The cat has run away with the partridge!
Puss! puss!

Bart. Follow that! follow that! Come with me. Puss! puss!

(Exeunt. On the opposite side enter the Count of Lara and gentlemen, with Francisco.)

Lara. The gate is fast. Over the wall, Francisco.

And draw the bolt. There, so, and so, and

Now, gentlemen, come in, and help me scale Yon balcony. How now? Her light still burns. Move warily. Make fast the gate, Francisco.

(Exeunt. Re-enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.)

Bart. They went in at the gate. Hark! I hear them in the garden. (Tries the gate.) Bolted again! Vive Cristo! Follow me over the wall.

(They climb the wall.)

Scene XI. — Preciosa's bedchamber. Midnight. She is sleeping in an arm-chair, in an undress. Dolores watching her.

Dol. She sleeps at last!

(Opens the window, and listens.)

All silent in the street,

And in the garden. Hark!

Prec. (in her sleep). I must go hence! Give me my cloak!

Dol. He comes! I hear his footsteps

Prec. Go tell them that I cannot dance tonight;

I am too ill! Look at me! See the fever That burns upon my cheek! I must go hence. I am too weak to dance.

(Signal from the garden.)

Dol. (from the window). Who's there? Voice (from below). A friend.
Dol. I will undo the door. Wait till I come.
Prec. I must go hence. I pray you do not harm me!

Shame! shame! to treat a feeble woman thus!
Be you but kind, I will do all things for you.
I'm ready now, — give me my castanets.
Where is Victorian? Oh, those hateful lamps!
They glare upon me like an evil eye.
I cannot stay. Hark! how they mock at me!
They hiss at me like serpents! Save me! Save me!

(She wakes.)

How late is it. Dolores?

Dol. It is midnight.

Prec. We must be patient. Smooth this pillow for me.

(She sleeps again. Noise from the garden, and voices.)

Voice. Muera!

Another Voice. O villains! villains!

Lara. So! have at you!

Voice. Take that!

Lara. O, I am wounded!

Dol. (shutting the window). Jesu Maria!

ACT III.

Scene I.—A cross-road through a wood. In the background a distant village spire. Victorian and Hypolito, as travelling students, with guitars, sitting under the trees. Hypolito plays and sings.

SONG

Ah, Love!
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!
Enemy
Of all that mankind may not rue!
Most untrue

To him who keeps most faith with thee.

Woe is me!
The falcon has the eyes of the dove.
Ah, Love!
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

Vict. Yes, Love is ever busy with his shuttle, Is ever weaving into life's dull warp Bright, gorgeous flowers, and scenes Arcadian: Hanging our gloomy prison-house about With tapestries, that make its walls dilate In never-ending vistas of delight.





Hyp. Thinking to walk in those Arcadian pastures,

Thou hast run thy noble head against the wall.

SONG (continued).

Thy deceits
Give us clearly to comprehend,
Whither tend
All thy pleasures, all thy sweets!
They are cheats,
Thorns below and flowers above.
Ah, Love!
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

Vict. A very pretty song. I thank thee for it.

Hyp. It suits thy case.

Vict. Indeed, I think it does. What wise man wrote it?

Hyp. Lopez Maldonado.

Vict. In truth, a pretty song.

Hyp. With much truth in it. I hope thou wilt profit by it; and in earnest Try to forget this lady of thy love.

Vict. I will forget her! All dear recollections Pressed in my heart, like flowers within a book, Shall be torn out, and scattered to the winds! I will forget her! But perhaps hereafter, When she shall learn how heartless is the world, A voice within her will repeat my name, And she will say, "He was indeed my friend!" O, would I were a soldier, not a scholar,

That the loud march, the deafening beat of drums, The shattering blast of the brass-throated trumpet,

The din of arms, the onslaught and the storm, And a swift death, might make me deaf forever To the upbraidings of this foolish heart!

Hyp. Then let that foolish heart upbraid no more!

To conquer love, one need but will to conquer. Vict. Yet, good Hypolito, it is in vain I throw into Oblivion's sea the sword That pierces me; for, like Excalibar, With gemmed and flashing hilt, it will not sink. There rises from below a hand that grasps it, And waves it in the air; and wailing voices Are heard along the shore.

Hyp. And yet at last Down sank Excalibar to rise no more. This is not well. In truth, it vexes me. Instead of whistling to the steeds of Time, To make them jog on merrily with life's burden, Like a dead weight thou hangest on the wheels. Thou art too young, too full of lusty health To talk of dying.

Vict. Yet I fain would die!
To go through life, unloving and unloved;
To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul
We cannot still; that longing, that wild impulse,

And struggle after something we have not And cannot have; the effort to be strong; And, like the Spartan boy, to smile, and smile, While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks;

All this the dead feel not, — the dead alone! Would I were with them!

Hyp. We shall all be soon.

Vict. It cannot be too soon; for I am weary
Of the bewildering masquerade of Life,
Where strangers walk as friends, and friends as
strangers;

Where whispers overheard betray false hearts; And through the mazes of the crowd we chase Some form of loveliness, that smiles and beckons, And cheats us with fair words, only to leave us A mockery and a jest; maddened, — confused, — Not knowing friend from foe.

Hyp. Why seek to know? Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy youth! Take each fair mask for what it gives itself, Nor strive to look beneath it.

Vict. I confess,
That were the wiser part. But Hope no longer
Comforts my soul. I am a wretched man,
Much like a poor and shipwrecked mariner,
Who, struggling to climb up into the boat,
Has both his bruised and bleeding hands cut off,

And sinks again into the weltering sea, Helpless and hopeless!

Hyp. Yet thou shalt not perish.

The strength of thine own arm is thy salvation.

Above thy head, through rifted clouds, there shines

A glorious star. Be patient. Trust thy star!

(Sound of a village bell in the distance.)

Viet. Ave Maria! I hear the sacristan Ringing the chimes from yonder village belfry! A solemn sound, that echoes far and wide Over the red roofs of the cottages, And bids the laboring hind a-field, the shepherd, Guarding his flock, the lonely muleteer, And all the crowd in village streets, stand still. And breathe a prayer unto the blessed Virgin!

Нур. Amen! amen! Not half a league from hence

The village lies.

Vict. This path will lead us to it, Over the wheat-fields, where the shadows sail Across the running sea, now green, now blue, And, like an idle mariner on the main, Whistles the quail. Come, let us hasten on.

[Exeunt

Scene II.—Public square in the village of Guadarrama. The Ave Maria still tolling. A crowd of villagers, with their hats in their hands, as if in prayer. In front, a group of Gypsies. The bell rings a merrier peal. A Gypsy dance. Enter Pancho, followed by Pedro Crespo.

Pancho. Make room, ye vagabonds and Gypsy thieves!

Make room for the Alcalde and for me!

Pedro C. Keep silence all! I have an edict here

From our most gracious lord, the King of Spain, Jerusalem, and the Canary Islands,

Which I shall publish in the market-place.

Open your ears and listen!

(Enter the PADRE CURA at the door of his cottage.)

Padre Cura.

Good-day! and, pray you, hear this edict read.

Padre C. Good-day, and God be with you!

Pray, what is it?

Pedro C. An act of banishment against the Gypsies!

(Agitation and murmurs in the crowd.)

Pancho. Silence!

Pedro C. (reads). "I hereby order and command,

That the Egyptian and Chaldean strangers, Known by the name of Gypsies, shall henceforth Be banished from the realm, as vagabonds And beggars; and if, after seventy days, Any be found within our kingdom's bounds, They shall receive a hundred lashes each; The second time, shall have their ears cut off; The third, be slaves for life to him who takes them.

Or burnt as heretics. Signed, I, the King," Vile miscreants and creatures unbaptized! You hear the law! Obey and disappear! Pancho. And if in seventy days you are not

Dead or alive I make you all my slaves.

(The Gypsies go out in confusion, showing signs of fear and discontent. PANCHO follows.)

Padre C. A righteous law! A very righteous law!

Pray you, sit down.

Pedro C.

I thank you heartily.

(They seat themselves on a bench at the PADRE CURA'S door. Sound of guitars heard at a distance, approaching during the dialogue which follows.)

A very righteous judgment, as you say.

Now tell me, Padre Cura, — you know all things, —

How came these Gypsies into Spain?

Padre C. Why, look you;
They came with Hercules from Palestine,
And hence are thieves and vagrants, Sir Alcalde,
As the Simoniacs from Simon Magus.
And, look you, as Fray Jayme Bleda says,
There are a hundred marks to prove a Moor
Is not a Christian, so 'tis with the Gypsies.
They never marry, never go to mass,
Never baptize their children, nor keep Lent,
Nor see the inside of a church, — nor — nor —

Padre C. Cood reasons good substantial

Pedro C. Good reasons, good, substantial reasons all!

No matter for the other ninety-five. They should be burnt, I see it plain enough, They should be burnt.

(Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO playing.)

Padre C. And pray, whom have we here?

Pedro C. More vagrants! By Saint Lazarus, more vagrants!

Hyp. Good-evening, gentlemen! Is this Guadarrama?

Padre C. Yes, Guadarrama, and good-evening to you.

Hyp. We seek the Padre Cura of the village;
 And, judging from your dress and reverend mien,

You must be he.

Padre C. I am. Pray, what's

your pleasure?

Hyp. We are poor students, travelling in vacation.

You know this mark?

(Touching the wooden spoon in his kat-band.)

Padre C. (joyfully). Ay, know it, and have worn it.

Pedro C. (aside). Soup-eaters! by the mass!
The worst of vagrants!

And there's no law against them. Sir, your servant. [Exit.

Padre C.Your servant, Pedro Crespo.Hyp.Padre Cura,

From the first moment I beheld your face, I said within myself, "This is the man!" There is a certain something in your looks,

There is a certain something in your looks, A certain scholar-like and studious something, — You understand, — which cannot be mistaken; Which marks you as a very learned man,

In fine, as one of us. *Vict.* (aside).

What impudence!

Hyp. As we approached, I said to my companion,

"This is the Padre Cura; mark my words!" Meaning your Grace. "The other man," said I. "Who sits so awkwardly upon the bench, Must be the sacristan."

Padre C. Ah! said you so? Why, that was Pedro Crespo, the alcalde! Hyp. Indeed! you much astonish me! His air

Was not so full of dignity and grace As an alcalde's should be.

Padre C. That is true. He's out of humor with some vagrant Gypsies, Who have their camp here in the neighborhood. There's nothing so undignified as anger,

Hyp. The Padre Cura will excuse our boldness.

If, from his well-known hospitality, We crave a lodging for the night.

Padre C. I pray you! You do me honor! I am but too happy To have such guests beneath my humble roof. It is not often that I have occasion To speak with scholars; and Emollit mores, Nec sinit esse feros, Cicero says.

Hyp. 'Tis Ovid, is it not? Padre C. No. Cicero.

Hyp. Your Grace is right. You are the better scholar.

Now what a dunce was I to think it Ovid!

But hang me if it is not! (Aside.)

Padre C. Pass this way.

He was a very great man, was Cicero!

Pray you, go in, go in! no ceremony. [Exeunt.

Scene III. — A room in the Padre Cura's house. Enter the Padre and Hypolito.

Padre C. So then, Señor, you come from Alcalá.

I am glad to hear it. It was there I studied.

Hyp. And left behind an honored name, no doubt.

How may I call your Grace?

Padre C. Gerónimo

De Santillana, at your Honor's service.

Hyp. Descended from the Marquis Santillana?

From the distinguished poet?

Padre C. From the Marquis,

Not from the poet.

Hyp. Why, they were the same.

Let me embrace you! O some lucky star

Has brought me hither! Yet once more! — once more!

Your name is ever green in Alcalá,

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And our professor, when we are unruly, Will shake his hoary head, and say, "Alas! It was not so in Santillana's time!"

Padre C. I did not think my name remembered there.

Hyp. More than remembered; it is idolized. Padre C. Of what professor speak you?

Hyp. Timoneda,

Padre C. I don't remember any Timoneda.

Hyp. A grave and sombre man, whose

beetling brow O'erhangs the rushing current of his speech As rocks o'er rivers hang. Have you forgot-

ten?

Padre C. Indeed, I have. O, those were

pleasant days,

Those college days! I ne'er shall see the like! I had not buried then so many hopes! I had not buried then so many friends!

I've turned my back on what was then before

And the bright faces of my young companions Are wrinkled like my own, or are no more. Do you remember Cueva?

Hyp. Cueva? Cueva? Cueva? Padre C. Fool that I am! He was before your time.

You're a mere boy, and I am an old man.

Hyp. I should not like to try my strength with you.

Padre C. Well, well. But I forget; you must be hungry.

Martina! ho! Martina! 'Tis my niece.

(Enter Martina.)

Hyp. You may be proud of such a niece as that.

I wish I had a niece. Emollit mores. (Aside.)

He was a very great man, was Cicero!

Your servant, fair Martina.

Mart. Servant, sir.

Padre C. This gentleman is hungry. See thou to it.

Let us have supper.

Mart. 'Twill be ready soon.

Padre C. And bring a bottle of my Val-de-Peñas

Out of the cellar. Stay; I'll go myself.

Pray you, Señor, excuse me. [Exit. Hyp. Hist! Martina!

One word with you. Bless me! what handsome

To-day there have been Gypsies in the village.
Is it not so?

Mart. There have been Gypsies here.

Hyp. Yes, and have told your fortune.

Mart. (embarrassed). Told my fortune?
Hyp. Yes, yes; I know they did. Give me your hand.

I'll tell you what they said. They said, —they said.

The shepherd boy that loved you was a clown, And him you should not marry. Was it not? *Mart*, (*surprised*). How know you that?

Hyp. O, I know more than that.

What a soft, little hand! And then they said, A cavalier from court, handsome, and tall And rich, should come one day to marry you, And you should be a lady. Was it not? He has arrived, the handsome cavalier.

(Tries to kiss her. She runs off. Enter VICTO-RIAN, with a letter.)

Vict. The muleteer has come.

Hyp. So soon?

Vict. I found him

Sitting at supper by the tavern door, And, from a pitcher that he held aloft His whole arm's length, drinking the blood-red

wine.

Hyp. What news from Court?

Vict. He brought this letter only.

(Reads.)

O cursed perfidy! Why did I let

That lying tongue deceive me! Preciosa,

Sweet Preciosa! how art thou avenged!

Hyp. What news is this, that makes thy cheek turn pale.

And thy hand tremble?

O. most infamous!

The Count of Lara is a worthless villain!

 $H\nu p$. That is no news, for sooth.

He strove in vain Vict.

To steal from me the jewel of my soul, The love of Preciosa. Not succeeding,

He swore to be revenged; and set on foot A plot to ruin her, which has succeeded.

She has been hissed and hooted from the

Her reputation stained by slanderous lies Too foul to speak of; and, once more a beggar. She roams a wanderer over God's green earth, Housing with Gypsies!

To renew again Hvb. The Age of Gold, and make the shepherd swains Desperate with love, like Gasper Gil's Diana. Redit et Virgo!

Vict. Dear Hypolito,

How have I wronged that meek, confiding heart! I will go seek for her; and with my tears Wash out the wrong I've done her!

Hvp. O beware!

Act not that folly o'er again.

Vict. Ay, folly,
Delusion, madness, call it what thou wilt,
1 will confess my weakness, —1 still love her!
Still fondly love her!

(Enter the PADRE CURA.)

Hyp. Tell us, Padre Cura,
Who are these Gypsies in the neighborhood?
Padre C. Beltran Cruzado and his crew.
Vict. Kind Heaven,
I thank thee! She is found! is found again!
Hyp. And have they with them a pale, beau-

tiful girl,

Called Preciosa?

Padre C. Ay, a pretty girl.

The gentleman seems moved.

Hyp. Yes, moved with hunger, He is half famished with this long day's journey.

Padre C. Then, pray you, come this way.
The supper waits.

[Exeunt.

Scene IV.—A post-house on the road to Segovia, not far from the village of Guadarrama. Enter Chispa, cracking a whip, and singing the cachucha.

Chispa. Halloo! Don Fulano! Let us have horses, and quickly. Alas, poor Chispa! what a dog's life dost thou lead! I thought, when I left

my old master Victorian, the student, to serve my new master Don Carlos, the gentleman, that I, too, should lead the life of a gentleman; should go to bed early, and get up late. For when the abbot plays cards, what can you expect of the friars? But, in running away from the thunder, I have run into the lightning. Here I am in hot chase after my master and his Gypsy girl. And a good beginning of the week it is, as he said who was hanged on Monday morning.

(Enter Don Carlos.)

Don C. Are not the horses ready yet?

Chispa. I should think not, for the hostler seems to be asleep. Ho! within there! Horses! horses! (He knocks at the gate with his whip, and enter MOSQUITO, putting on his jacket.)

Mosq. Pray, have a little patience. I'm not a musket.

Chispa. Health and pistareens! I'm glad to see you come on dancing, padre! Pray, what's the news?

Mosq. You cannot have fresh horses; because there are none.

Chispa. Cachiporra! Throw that bone to another dog. Do I look like your aunt?

Mosq. No; she has a beard.

Chispa. Go to! go to!

Mosq. Are you from Madrid?

Chispa. Yes; and going to Estramadura. Get us horses.

Mosq. What's the news at Court?

Chispa. Why, the latest news is, that I am going to set up a coach, and I have already bought the whip.

(Strikes him round the legs.)

Mosq. Oh! oh! you hurt me!

Don C. Enough of this folly. Let us have horses. (Gives money to Mosquito.) It is almost dark; and we are in haste. But tell me, has a band of Gypsies passed this way of late?

Mosq. Yes; and they are still in the neighborhood.

Don C. And where?

Mosq. Across the fields yonder, in the woods near Guadarrama. [Exit.

Don C. Now this is lucky. We will visit the Gypsy camp.

Chispa. Are you not afraid of the evil eye? Have you a stag's horn with you?

Don C. Fear not. We will pass the night at the village.

Chispa. And sleep like the Squires of Hernan Daza, nine under one blanket.

Don C. I hope we may find the Presciosa among them.

Chispa. Among the Squires?

Don C. No; among the Gypsies, blockhead! Chispa. I hope we may; for we are giving ourselves trouble enough on her account. Don't you think so? However, there is no catching trout without wetting one's trousers. Yonder [Exeunt. come the horses.

Scene V. - The Gypsy camp in the forest. Night, Gybsies working at a forge. Others playing cards by the firelight.

Gypsies (at the forge sing).

On the top of a mountain I stand, With a crown of red gold in my hand, Wild Moors come trooping over the lea, O how from their fury shall I flee, flee, flee? O how from their fury shall I flee?

First Gypsy (playing). Down with your John-Dorados, my pigeon. Down with your John-Dorados, and let us make an end.

Gypsies (at the forge sing).

Loud sang the Spanish cavalier, And thus his ditty ran; God send the Gypsy lassie here, And not the Gypsy man.

First Gypsy (playing). There you are in your morocco!

Second Gypsy. One more game. The Alcalde's doves against the Padre Cura's new moon.

First Gypsy. Have at you, Chirelin. Gypsies (at the forge sing).

At midnight, when the moon began To show her silver flame, There came to him no Gypsy man, The Gypsy lassie came.

(Enter Beltran Cruzado.)

Cruz. Come hither, Murcigalleros and Rastilleros; leave work, leave play; listen to your orders for the night. (Speaking to the right.) You will get you to the village, mark you, by the stone cross.

Gypsies. Ay!

Cruz. (to the left). And you, by the pole with the hermit's head upon it.

Gypsies. Ay!

Cruz. As soon as you see the planets are out, in with you, and be busy with the ten commandments, under the sly, and Saint Martin asleep. D'ye hear?

Gypsies. Ay!

Cruz. Keep your lanterns open, and, if you see a goblin or a papagayo, take to your trampers. Vineyards and Dancing John is the word. Am I comprehended?

Gypsies. Ay! ay! Cruz. Away, then!

(Exeunt severally. CRUZADO walks up the stage, and disappears among the trees. Enter PRE-CIOSA.)

Prec. How strangely gleams through the gigantic trees

The red light of the forge! Wild, beckoning shadows

Stalk through the forest, ever and anon Rising and bending with the flickering flame, Then flitting into darkness! So within me Strange hopes and fears do beckon to each other, My brightest hopes giving dark fears a being As the light does the shadow. Woe is me! How still it is about me, and how lonely!

(BARTOLOME rushes in.)

Bart. Ho! Preciosa!

Prec. O Bartolome!

Thou here?

Bart. Lo! I am here.

Prec. Whence comest thou? Bart. From the rough ridges of the wild

Sierra,

From caverns in the rocks, from hunger, thirst, And fever! Like a wild wolf to the sheepfold Come I for thee, my lamb.



Prec. O touch me not!
The Count of Lara's blood is on thy hands!
The Count of Lara's curse is on thy soul!
Do not come near me! Pray, begone from here!
Thou art in danger! They have set a price
Upon thy head!

Bart.
Av. and I've wandered long.

Bart. Ay, and I've wandered long Among the mountains; and for many days Have seen no human face, save the rough swineherd's.

The wind and rain have been my sole companions.

I shouted to them from the rocks thy name, And the loud echo sent it back to me, Till I grew mad. I could not stay from thee, And I am here! Betray me, if thou wilt. Prec. Betray thee? I betray thee?

Bart. Preciosa!

I come for thee! for thee I thus brave death!

Fly with me o'er the borders of this realm!

Fly with me!

Prec. Speak of that no more. I cannot.

I'm thine no longer.

Bart. O. recall the time When we were children! how we played together, How we grew up together; how we plighted Our hearts unto each other, even in childhood!

Fulfil thy promise, for the hour has come. I'm hunted from the kingdom, like a wolf! Fulfil thy promise.

Prec. 'Twas my father's promise, Not mine. I never gave my heart to thee, Nor promised thee my hand!

Bart. False tongue of woman!

And heart more false!

Prec. Nay, listen unto me
I will speak frankly. I have never loved thee;
I cannot love thee, This is not my fault,
It is my destiny. Thou art a man
Restless and violent. What wouldst thou with

A feeble girl, who have not long to live,
Whose heart is broken? Seek another wife,
Better than I, and fairer; and let not
Thy rash and headlong moods estrange her from

Thou art unhappy in this hopeless passion.

I never sought thy love; never did aught
To make thee love me. Yet I pity thee,
And most of all I pity thy wild heart,
That hurries thee to crimes and deeds of blood.
Beware, beware of that.

Bart. For thy dear sake I will be gentle. Thou shalt teach mepatience.

Prec. Then take this farewell, and depart in peace.

Thou must not linger here.

Bart. Come, come with me.

Prec. Hark! I hear footsteps.

Bart. I entreat thee, come!

Prec. Away! It is in vain.

Bart. Wilt thou not come?

Prec. Never!

Bart. Then woe, eternal woe,

upon thee!

Thou shalt not be another's. Thou shalt die.

Prec. All holy angels keep me in this hour!
Spirit of her who bore me, look upon me!
Mother of God, the glorified, protect me!
Christ and the saints, be merciful unto me!
Yet why should I fear death? What is it to die?
To leave all disappointment, care, and sorrow,
To leave all falsehood, treachery, and unkindness.

All ignominy, suffering, and despair,

And be at rest forever! O dull heart,

Be of good cheer! When thou shalt cease to beat,

Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain!

(Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO behind.)

Vict. 'Tis she! Behold, how beautiful she stands

Under the tent-like trees!

Hyp. A woodland nymph! Vict. I pray thee, stand aside. Leave me.

Hvh. Be warv.

Do not betray thyself too soon.

Vict. (disguising his voice). Hist! Gypsy! Prec. (aside with emotion). That voice! that

voice from heaven! O speak again!

Who is it calls?

Vict. A friend.

Prec. (aside). 'Tis he! 'Tis he!

I thank thee, Heaven, that thou hast heard my prayer,

And sent me this protector! Now be strong, Be strong, my heart! I must dissemble here.

False friend or true?

Vict. A true friend to the true;

Fear not; come hither. So; can you tell fortunes?

Prec. Not in the dark. Come nearer to the fire.

Give me your hand. It is not crossed, I see.

Vict. (putting a piece of gold into her hand).

There is the cross.

Prec.

Is't silver.

Vict.

No, 'tis gold.

Prec. There's a fair lady at the Court, who loves you,

And for yourself alone.

Vict. Fie! the old story!

Tell me a better fortune for my money;

Not this old woman's tale!

Prec. You are passionate;

And this same passionate humor in your blood

Has marred your fortune. Yes; I see it now;

The line of life is crossed by many marks.

Shame! shame! O you have wronged the maid who loved you!

How could you do it?

Vict. I never loved a maid;

For she I loved was then a maid no more.

Prec. How know you that?

Vict. A little bird in the air

Whispered the secret.

Prec. There, take back your gold! Your hand is cold, like a deceiver's hand!

There is no blessing in its charity!

Make her your wife, for you have been abused: And you shall mend your fortunes, mending hers.

Vict. (aside). How like an angel's speaks the tongue of woman,

When pleading in another's cause her own!

That is a pretty ring upon your finger.

Pray give it me. (Tries to take the ring.)

Prec. No; never from my hand

Shall that be taken!

Vict. Why, 'tis but a ring, I'll give it back to you; or, if I keep it, Will give you gold to buy you twenty such.

Prec. Why would you have this ring? Vict. A traveller's fancy,

A whim, and nothing more. I would fain keep it As a memento of the Gypsy camp In Guadarrama, and the fortune-teller Who sent me back to wed a widowed maid. Pray, let me have the ring.

Prec. No. never! never! I will not part with it, even when I die;

But bid my nurse fold my pale fingers thus, That it may not fall from them. 'Tis a token Of a beloved friend, who is no more.

Vict.

How? dead? Prec. Yes: dead to me: and worse than dead.

He is estranged! And yet I keep this ring. I will rise with it from my grave hereafter, To prove to him that I was never false.

Vict. (aside). Be still, my swelling heart! one moment, still!

Why, 'tis the folly of a love-sick girl. Come, give it me, or I will say 'tis mine, And that you stole it.

Prec. O, you will not dare

To utter such a falsehood!

Vict. I not dare?

Look in my face, and say if there is aught

I have not dared, I would not dare for thee!

(She rushes into his arms.)

Prec. 'Tis thou! 'tis thou! Yes; yes; my heart's elected!

My dearest-dear Victorian! my soul's heaven! Where hast thou been so long? Why didst thou leave me?

Vict. Ask me not now, my dearest Preciosa. Let me forget we ever have been parted!

Prec. Hadst thou not come -

Vict. I pray thee, do not chide me!

Prec. I should have perished here among these Gypsies.

Vict. Forgive me, sweet! for what I made thee suffer.

Think'st thou this heart could feel a moment's joy,

Thou being absent? O, believe it not! Indeed, since that sad hour I have not slept,

For thinking of the wrong I did to thee!

Dost thou forgive me? Say, wilt thou forgive me?

Prec. I have forgiven thee. Ere those words of anger

Were in the book of Heaven writ down against thee,

I had forgiven thee.

Vict. I'm the veriest fool
That walks the earth, to have believed thee false.
It was the Count of Lara —

Prec. That bad man Has worked me harm enough. Hast thou not

Vict. I have heard all. And yet speak on, speak on!

Let me but hear thy voice, and I am happy: For every tone, like some sweet incantation, Calls up the buried past to plead for me. Speak, my belovèd, speak into my heart, Whatever fills and agitates thine own.

(They walk aside.)

Hyp. All gentle quarrels in the pastoral poets, All passionate love scenes in the best romances, All chaste embraces on the public stage, All soft adventures, which the liberal stars Have winked at, as the natural course of things, Have been surpassed here by my friend, the student,

And this sweet Gypsy lass, fair Preciosa!

Prec. Señor Hypolito! I kiss your hand.
Pray, shall I tell your fortune?

Hyp. Not to-night;
For, should you treat me as you did Victorian,
And send me back to marry maids forlorn,
My wedding day would last from now till Christmas.

Chicha (within) What ho! the Cyrsies ho!

Chispa (within). What ho! the Gypsies, ho! Beltran Cruzado!

Halloo! halloo! halloo! halloo!

(Enters booted, with a whip and lantern.)

Vict. What now?

Why such a fearful din? Hast thou been robbed?

Chispa. Ay, robbed and murdered; and goodevening to you,

My worthy masters.

Chista.

Vict. Speak; what brings thee here?

Chispa (to Preciosa). Good news from Court; good news! Beltran Cruzado,

The Count of the Calés, is not your father,

But your true father has returned to Spain

Laden with wealth. You are no more a Gypsy.

Vict. Strange as a Moorish tale!

Chispa. And we have all

Been drinking at the tavern to your health,

As wells drink in November, when it rains.

Vict. Where is the gentleman?

As the old song says,

His body is in Segovia, His soul is in Madrid.

Prec. Is this a dream? O, if it be a dream, Let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet! Repeat thy story! Say I'm not deceived! Say that I do not dream! I am awake; This is the Gypsy camp; this is Victorian, And this his friend, Hypolito! Speak! speak! Let me not wake and find it all a dream!

Vict. It is a dream, sweet child! a waking dream.

A blissful certainty, a vision bright
Of that rare happiness, which even on earth
Heaven gives to those it loves. Now art thou
rich,

As thou wast ever beautiful and good; And I am now the beggar.

Prec. (giving him her hand). I have still A hand to give.

Chispa (aside). And I have two to take.

I've heard my grandmother say, that Heaven
gives almonds

To those who have no teeth. That's nuts to crack.

I've teeth to spare, but where shall I find almonds?

Vict. What more of this strange story?
Chispa. Nothing more.

Your friend, Don Carlos, is now at the village Showing to Pedro Crespo, the Alcalde,

The proofs of what I tell you. The old hag, Who stole you in your childhood, has confessed; And probably they'll hang her for the crime, To make the celebration more complete.

Vict. No; let it be a day of general joy; Fortune comes well to all, that comes not late. Now let us join Don Carlos.

Hyp. So farewell, The student's wandering life! Sweet serenades, Sung under ladies' windows in the night, And all that makes vacation beautiful! To you, ye cloistered shades of Alcalá, To you, ye radiant visions of romance, Written in books, but here surpassed by truth, The Bachelor Hypolito returns, And leaves the Gypsy with the Spanish Student.

Scene VI.— A pass in the Guadarrama mountains. Early morning. A muleteer crosses the stage, sitting sideways on his mule, and lighting a paper cigar with flint and steel.

SONG.

If thou art sleeping, maiden,
Awake and open thy door,
'Tis the break of day, and we must away,
O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,
But come with thy naked feet,
We shall have to pass through the dewy grass,
And waters wide and fleet.

(Disappears down the pass. Enter a Monk. A shepherd appears on the rocks above.)

Monk. Ave Maria, gratia plena. Olá! good man!

Shep. Olá!

Monk. Is this the road to Segovia?

Shep. It is, your reverence.

Monk. How far is it?

Shep. I do not know.

Monk. What is that yonder in the valley?

Shep. San Ildefonso.

Monk. A long way to breakfast.

Shep. Ay, marry.

Monk. Are there robbers in these mountains?

Shep. Yes, and worse than that.

Monk. What?

Shep. Wolves.

Monk. Santa Maria! Come with me to San Ildefonso, and thou shalt be well rewarded.

Shep. What wilt thou give me?

Monk. An Agnus Dei and my benediction.

(They disappear. A mounted Contrabandista passes, wrapped in his cloak, and a gun at his saddle-bow. He goes down the pass singing.)

SONG.

Worn with speed is my good steed, And I march me hurried, worried! Onward, cabillito mio, With the white star in thy forehead! Onward, for here comes the Ronda, And I hear their rifles crack! Ay, jaléo! Ay, ay, jaléo! Ay, jaléo! They cross out rack.

(Song dies away. Enter Preciosa, on horseback, attended by Victorian, Hypolito, Don Carlos, and Chispa, on foot, and armed.)

Vict. This is the highest point. Here let us rest.

See, Preciosa, see how all about us

Kneeling, like hooded friars, the misty mountains Receive the benediction of the sun!

O glorious sight!

Prec. Most beautiful indeed.

Hyp. Most wonderful!

Vict. And in the vale below,

Where yonder steeples flash like lifted halberds, San Ildefonso, from its noisy belfries,

Sends up a salutation to the morn,

As if an army smote their brazen shields, And shouted victory!

Prec. Segovia? And which way lies

Vict. At a great distance yonder.

Dost thou not see it?

Prec. No. I do not see it.
Vict. The merest flaw that dents the horizon's edge.

There, yonder!

Hyp. 'Tis a notable old town, Boasting an ancient Roman aqueduct, And an Alcázar, builded by the Moors, Wherein, you may remember, poor Gil Blas Was fed on Pan del Rey. O, many a time Out of its grated windows have I looked Hundreds of feet plumb down to the Eresma, That, like a serpent through the valley creeping. Glides at its foot.

Prec. O yes! I see it now, Yet rather with my heart than with mine eyes, So faint it is. And all my thoughts sail thither, Freighted with prayers and hopes, and forward urged

Against all stress of accident, as in
The Eastern Tale, against the wind and tide
Great ships were drawn to the Magnetic Mountains.

And there were wrecked, and perished in the sea!

(She weeps.)

Vict. O gentle spirit! Thou didst bear unmoved

Blasts of adversity and frosts of fate! But the first ray of sunshine that falls on thee

Melts thee to tears! O, let thy weary heart Lean upon mine! and it shall faint no more, Nor thirst, nor hunger; but be comforted And filled with my affection.

Prec. Stay no longer!

My father waits. Methinks I see him there,
Now looking from the window, and now watching
Each sound of wheels or footfall in the street,
And saying, "Hark! she comes!" O father!
father!

(They descend the pass. Chispa remains behind.)

Chispa. I have a father, too, but he is a dead one. Alas and alack-a-day! Poor was I born, and poor do I remain. I neither win nor lose. Thus I wag through the world, half the time on foot, and the other half walking; and always as merry as a thunder-storm in the night. And so we plough along, as the fly said to the ox. Who knows what may happen? Patience, and shuffle the cards! I am not yet so bald that you can see my brains; and perhaps, after all, I shall some day go to Rome, and come back Saint Peter. Benedicite!

(A pause. Then enter BARTOLOME wildly, as if in pursuit, with a carbine in his hand.)

Bart. They passed this way! I hear their horses' hoofs!

Yonder I see them! Come, sweet caramillo, This serenade shall be the Gypsy's last!

(Fires down the pass.)

Ha! ha! Well whistled, my sweet caramillo!
Well whistled!—I have missed her!—O my
God!

(The shot is returned. BARTOLOMÉ falls.)



THE BELFRY OF BRUGES, AND OTHER POEMS.



THE BELFRY OF BRUGES, AND OTHER POEMS.

CARILLON.

In the ancient town of Bruges, In the quaint old Flemish city, As the evening shades descended, Low and loud and sweetly blended, Low at times and loud at times, And changing like a poet's rhymes, Rang the beautiful wild chimes From the Belfry in the market Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangor Calmly answering their sweet anger, When the wrangling bells had ended, Slowly struck the clock eleven, And, from out the silent heaven, Silence on the town descended. Silence, silence everywhere, On the earth and in the air, Save that footsteps here and there

CARILLON.

Of some burgher home returning, By the street lamps faintly burning, For a moment woke the echoes Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers Still I heard those magic numbers, As they loud proclaimed the flight And stolen marches of the night; Till their chimes in sweet collision Mingled with each wandering vision, Mingled with the fortune-telling Gypsy-bands of dreams and fancies, Which amid the waste expanses Of the silent land of trances Have their solitary dwelling; All else seemed asleep in Bruges. In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these chimes Are the poet's airy rhymes. All his rhymes and roundelays, His conceits, and songs, and ditties, From the belfry of his brain, Scattered downward, though in vain, On the roofs and stones of cities! For by night the drowsy ear Under its curtains cannot hear,

CARILLON.

And by day men go their ways, Hearing the music as they pass, But deeming it no more, alas! Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,
Lodging at some humble inn
In the narrow lanes of life,
When the dusk and hush of night
Shut out the incessant din
Of daylight and its toil and strife,
May listen with a calm delight
To the poet's melodies,
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,
Intermingled with the song,
Thoughts that he has cherished long;
Hears amid the chime and singing
The bells of his own village ringing,
And wakes, and finds his slumberous eyes
Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé, Listening with a wild delight To the chimes that, through the night, Rang their changes from the Belfry Of that quaint old Flemish city.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown;

Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded, still it watches o'er the town.

As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood,

And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapors gray,

Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys, here and there.

Wreaths of snow-white smoke ascending, vanished, ghost-like, into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,

But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.







From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild and high;

And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,

With their strange, unearthly changes rang the melancholy chimes,

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in their choir;

And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain;

They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again:

All the Foresters of Flanders, — mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer.

Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid that adorned those days of old;

Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of Gold.



Lombard and Venetian merchants with deepladen argosies;

Ministers from twenty nations: more than royal pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground;

I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a duke slept with the queen,

And the armèd guard around them, and the sword unsheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold,

Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold;

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving west,

Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote;

And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's throat;

- Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike of sand,
- "I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in the land!"
- Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's roar
- Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves once more.
- Hours had passed away like minutes; and, before I was aware,
- Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sunillumined square.











MISCELLANEOUS.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

This is the place. Stand still, my steed, Let me review the scene. And summon from the shadowy Past The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present here unite Beneath Time's flowing tide, Like footprints hidden by a brook, But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town;
There the green lane descends,
Through which I walked to church with thee
O gentlest of my friends!

The shadow of the linden-trees

Lay moving on the grass;

Between them and the moving boughs,

A shadow, thou didst pass.

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A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

Thy dress was like the lilies,
And thy heart as pure as they:
One of God's holy messengers
Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees
Bend down thy touch to meet,
The clover-blossoms in the grass
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

"Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares, Of earth and folly born!" Solemnly sang the village choir On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the golden sun Poured in a dusty beam, Like the celestial ladder seen By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon, the wind,
Sweet-scented with the hay,
Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves
That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon, Yet it seemed not so to me: For he spake of Ruth the beautiful, And still I thought of thee.





THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

Long was the prayer he uttered, Yet it seemed not so to me; For in my heart I prayed with him, And still I thought of thee.

But now, alas! the place seems changed;
Thou art no longer here:
Part of the sunshine of the scene
With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart,
Like pine-trees dark and high,
Subdue the light of noon, and breathe
A low and ceaseless sigh;

This memory brightens o'er the past, As when the sun, concealed Behind some cloud that near us hangs, Shines on a distant field.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling, Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms; But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing Startles the villages with strange alarms.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift
keys!

What loud lament and dismal Miserere Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,

The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before
us,

In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer, Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song.

And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,

And Aztec priests upon their teocallis

Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village:
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns:
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage:
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns:

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,

The rattling musketry, the clashing blade; And ever and anon, in tones of thunder, The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises, With such accursed instruments as these, Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices, And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror.

Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,

Given to redeem the human mind from error, There were no need of arsenals or forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!

And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead

Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations, The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;

And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,

I hear once more the voice of Christ say,

"Peace!"

NUREMBERG.

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals

The blast of War's great organ shakes the
skies!

But beautiful as songs of the immortals, The holy melodies of love arise.

NUREMBERG.

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands

Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,

Memories haunt thy pointed gables like the rooks that round them throng:

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold,

Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme,

That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.

NUREMBERG.

- In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron band.
- Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand;
- On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days
- Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.
- Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art:
- Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart;
- And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,
- By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.
- In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
- And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust;
- In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,
- Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.

NUREMBERG.

- Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart.
- Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art;
- Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand.
- Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.
- Emigravit is the inscription on the tomb-stone where he lies:
- Dead he is not, but departed, for the artist never dies.
- Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
- That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air!
- Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal lanes,
- Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude poetic strains.
- From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly guild,
- Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build.





NUREMBERG.

- As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme.
- And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime;
- Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poesy bloom
- In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.
- Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,
- Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed.
- But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely sanded floor,
- And a garland in the window, and his face above the door;
- Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,
- As the old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard white and long.
- And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and care,
- Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique chair.

RAIN IN SUMMER.

Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before my dreamy eye

Wave these mingled shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard;

But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs thy cobbler-bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,

As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought his careless lay:

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,

The nobility of labor, — the long pedigree of toil.

RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain! After the dust and heat, In the broad and fiery street, In the narrow lane, How beautiful is the rain!

RAIN IN SUMMER.

How it clatters along the roofs, Like the tramp of hoofs! How it gushes and struggles out From the throat of the overflowing spout!

Across the window-pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks At the twisted brooks; He can feel the cool Breath of each little pool; His fevered brain Grows calm again, And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school Come the boys, With more than their wonted noise And commotion; And down the wet streets Sail their mimic fleets, Till the treacherous pool Ingulfs them in its whirling And turbulent ocean.



In the country, on every side, Where far and wide, Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide, Stretches the plain, To the dry grass and the dryer grain How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand, From under the sheltering trees, The farmer sees His pastures, and his fields of grain, As they bend their tops To the numberless beating drops Of the incessant rain.

RAIN IN SUMMER.

He counts it as no sin That he sees therein Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,
The Poet sees!
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told,—
Have not been wholly sung nor said.
For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers underground;
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colors seven
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

THE NORMAN BARON.

Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things, unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning forevermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

THE NORMAN BARON.

Dans les moments de la vie où la réflexion devient plus calme et plus profonde, où l'intérêt et l'avarice parlent moins haut que la raison, dans les instants de chagrin domestique, de maladie, et de péril de mort, les nobles se repentirent de possèder des serfs, comme d'une chose peu agréable à Dieu, qui avant créé tous les hommes à son image.

THIERRY, Conquête de l'Angleterre.

In his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying;
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,
And the castle-turret shook.

THE NORMAN BARON.

In this fight was Death the gainer, Spite of vassal and retainer, And the lands his sires had plundered, Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated, Who in humble voice repeated Many a prayer and pater-noster, From the missal on his knee;

And, amid the tempest pealing, Sounds of bells came faintly stealing, Bells, that from the neighboring kloster Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal
Held, that night, their Christmas wassail;
Many a carol, old and saintly,
Sang the minstrels and the waits;

And so loud these Saxon gleemen
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,
That the storm was heard but faintly,
Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chanted Reached the chamber terror-haunted, Where the monk, with accents holy, Whispered at the baron's ear.

THE NORMAN BARON.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened, As he paused awhile and listened, And the dying baron slowly Turned his weary head to hear.

"Wassail for the kingly stranger Born and cradled in a manger! King, like David, priest, like Aaron, Christ is born to set us free!"

And the lightning showed the sainted Figures on the casement painted, And exclaimed the shuddering baron, "Miserere, Domine!"

In that hour of deep contrition
He beheld, with clearer vision,
Through all outward show and fashion,
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished, Falsehood and deceit were banished, Reason spake more loud than passion, And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,
Every serf born to his manor,
All those wronged and wretched creatures,
By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal He recorded their dismissal, Death relaxed his iron features, And the monk replied, "Amen!"

Many centuries have been numbered Since in death the baron slumbered By the convent's sculptured portal, Mingling with the common dust:

But the good deed, through the ages Living in historic pages, Brighter grows and gleams immortal, Unconsumed by moth or rust.

TO A CHILD.

DEAR child! how radiant on thy mother's knee, With merry-making eyes and jocund smiles. Thou gazest at the painted tiles, Whose figures grace, With many a grotesque form and face, The ancient chimney of thy nursery! The lady with the gay macaw, The dancing girl, the grave bashaw With bearded lip and chin; And, leaning idly o'er his gate, Beneath the imperial fan of state, The Chinese mandarin.

With what a look of proud command Thou shakest in thy little hand The coral rattle with its silver bells, Making a merry tune! Thousands of years in Indian seas That coral grew, by slow degrees, Until some deadly and wild monsoon Dashed it on Coromandel's sand! Those silver bells Reposed of vore, As shapeless ore, Far down in the deep-sunken wells Of darksome mines, In some obscure and sunless place, Beneath huge Chimborazo's base, Or Potosi's o'erhanging pines! And thus for thee, O little child, Through many a danger and escape, The tall ships passed the stormy cape; For thee in foreign lands remote, Beneath a burning, tropic clime, The Indian peasant, chasing the wild goat, Himself as swift and wild. In falling, clutched the frail arbute, The fibres of whose shallow root, Uplifted from the soil, betrayed The silver veins beneath it laid, The buried treasure of the miser, Time.

But, lo! thy door is left ajar! Thou hearest footsteps from afar! And, at the sound, Thou turnest round With quick and questioning eyes, Like one, who, in a foreign land, Beholds on every hand Some source of wonder and surprise! And, restlessly, impatiently, Thou strivest, strugglest, to be free. The four walls of thy nursery Are now like prison walls to thee. No more thy mother's smiles. No more the painted tiles. Delight thee, nor the playthings on the floor, That won thy little, beating heart before; Thou strugglest for the open door.

Through these once solitary halls
Thy pattering footstep falls.
The sound of thy merry voice,
Makes the old walls
Jubilant, and they rejoice
With the joy of thy young heart,
O'er the light of whose gladness
No shadows of sadness
From the sombre background of memory start.
Once, ah, once, within these walls,

One whom memory oft recalls, The Father of his Country, dwelt. And vonder meadows broad and damp The fires of the besieging camp Encircled with a burning belt. Up and down these echoing stairs, Heavy with the weight of cares, Sounded his majestic tread; Yes, within this very room Sat he in those hours of gloom, Weary both in heart and head.

But what are these grave thoughts to thee? Out, out! into the open air! Thy only dream is liberty, Thou carest little how or where, I see thee eager at thy play, Now shouting to the apples on the tree, With cheeks as round and red as they; And now among the vellow stalks, Among the flowering shrubs and plants, As restless as the bee. Along the garden walks, The tracks of thy small carriage-wheels I trace; And see at every turn how they efface Whole villages of sand-roofed tents, That rise like golden domes Above the cavernous and secret homes

Of wandering and nomadic tribes of ants. Ah, cruel little Tamerlane, Who, with thy dreadful reign, Dost persecute and overwhelm These hapless Troglodytes of thy realm! What! tired already! with those suppliant looks, And voice more beautiful than a poet's books, Or murmuring sound of water as it flows, Thou comest back to parley with repose! This rustic seat in the old apple-tree, With its o'erhanging golden canopy Of leaves illuminate with autumnal hues, And shining with the argent light of dews, Shall for a season be our place of rest. Beneath us, like an oriole's pendent nest, From which the laughing birds have taken wing, By thee abandoned, hangs thy vacant swing. Dream-like the waters of the river gleam: A sailless vessel drops adown the stream, And like it, to a sea as wide and deep, Thou driftest gently down the tides of sleep.

O child! O new-born denizen
Of life's great city! on thy head
The glory of the morn is shed,
Like a celestial benison!
Here at the portal thou dost stand,
And with thy little hand

Thou openest the mysterious gate Into the future's undiscovered land. I see its valves expand, As at the touch of Fate! Into those realms of love and hate Into that darkness blank and drear. By some prophetic feeling taught, I launch the bold, adventurous thought, Freighted with hope and fear; As upon subterranean streams. In caverns unexplored and dark, Men sometimes launch a fragile bark, Laden with flickering fire, And watch its swift-receding beams, Until at length they disappear, And in the distant dark expire.

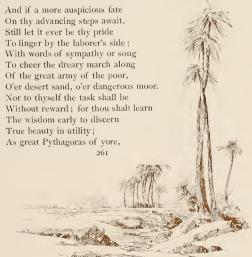
By what astrology of fear or hope Dare I to cast thy horoscope! Like the new moon thy life appears; A little strip of silver light, And widening outward into night The shadowy disk of future years; And yet upon its outer rim, A luminous circle, faint and dim, And scarcely visible to us here, Rounds and completes the perfect sphere; A prophecy and intimation.

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A pale and feeble adumbration, Of the great world of light, that lies Behind all human destinies.

Ah! if thy fate, with anguish fraught, Should be to wet the dusty soil With the hot tears and sweat of toil, — To struggle with imperious thought, Until the overburdened brain, Weary with labor, faint with pain, Like a jarred pendulum, retain Only its motion, not its power. — Remember, in that perilous hour, When most afflicted and oppressed, From labor there shall come forth rest.



THE OCCULTATION OF ORION.

Standing beside the blacksmith's door, And hearing the hammers, as they smote The anvils with a different note, Stole from the varying tones, that hung Vibrant on every iron tongue, The secret of the sounding wire, And formed the seven-chorded lyre.

Enough! I will not play the Seer; I will no longer strive to ope
The mystic volume, where appear
The herald Hope, forerunning Fear,
And Fear, the pursuivant of Hope.
Thy destiny remains untold;
For, like Acestes' shaft of old,
The swift thought kindles as it flies,
And burns to ashes in the skies.

THE OCCULTATION OF ORION.

I saw, as in a dream sublime,
The balance in the hand of Time.
O'er East and West its beam impended;
And day, with all its hours of light,
Was slowly sinking out of sight,
While, opposite, the scale of night
Silently with the stars ascended.

THE OCCULTATION OF ORION.

Like the astrologers of eld. In that bright vision I beheld Greater and deeper mysteries. I saw, with its celestial keys. Its chords of air, its frets of fire, The Samian's great Æolian lyre, Rising through all its sevenfold bars, From earth unto the fixed stars. And through the dewy atmosphere, Not only could I see, but hear, Its wondrous and harmonious strings. In sweet vibration, sphere by sphere, From Dian's circle light and near. Onward to vaster and wider rings. Where, chanting through his beard of snows, Majestic, mournful, Saturn goes, And down the sunless realms of space Reverberates the thunder of his bass.

Beneath the sky's triumphal arch This music sounded like a march, And with its chorus seemed to be Preluding some great tragedy. Sirius was rising in the east; And, slow ascending one by one, The kindling constellations shone. Begirt with many a blazing star, Stood the great giant Algebar,

THE OCCULTATION OF ORION.

Orion, hunter of the beast! His sword hung gleaming by his side, And, on his arm, the lion's hide Scattered across the midnight air The golden radiance of its hair.

The moon was pallid, but not faint;
And beautiful as some fair saint,
Serenely moving on her way
In hours of trial and dismay.
As if she heard the voice of God,
Unharmed with naked feet she trod
Upon the hot and burning stars,
As on the glowing coals and bars,
That were to prove her strength, and try
Her holiness and her purity.

Thus moving on, with silent pace,
And triumph in her sweet, pale face,
She reached the station of Orion.
Aghast he stood in strange alarm!
And suddenly from his outstretched arm
Down fell the red skin of the lion
Into the river at his feet.
His mighty club no longer beat
The forehead of the bull; but he
Reeled as of yore beside the sea,
When, blinded by Œnopion,





THE BRIDGE.

He sought the blacksmith at his forge, And, climbing up the mountain gorge, Fixed his blank eyes upon the sun.

Then, through the silence overhead, An angel with a trumpet said, "Forevermore, forevermore, The reign of violence is o'er!" And, like an instrument that flings Its music on another's strings, The trumpet of the angel cast Upon the heavenly lyre its blast, And on from sphere to sphere the words Re-echoed down the burning chords, — "Forevermore, forevermore, The reign of violence is o'er!"

THE BRIDGE.

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight, As the clocks were striking the hour, And the moon rose o'er the city, Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection In the waters under me, Like a golden goblet falling And sinking into the sea.

THE BRIDGE.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters,
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them, Rose the belated tide, And, streaming into the moonlight, The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O how often, In the days that had gone by, I had stood on that bridge at midnight And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, O how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

THE BRIDGE.

For my heart was hot and restless, And my life was full of care, And the burden laid upon me Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me, It is buried in the sea; And only the sorrow of others Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession Still passing to and fro, The young heart hot and restless, And the old subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;





TO THE DRIVING CLOUD.

GLOOMY and dark art thou, O chief of the mighty Omahas:

Gloomy and dark as the driving cloud, whose name thou hast taken!

Wrapt in thy scarlet blanket, I see thee stalk through the city's

Narrow and populous streets, as once by the margin of rivers

Stalked those birds unknown, that have left us only their footprints.

What, in a few short years, will remain of thy race but the footprints?

How canst thou walk these streets, who hast trod the green turf of the prairies?

How canst thou breathe this air, who hast breathed the sweet air of the mountains?

Ah! 'tis in vain that with lordly looks of disdain thou dost challenge

Looks of disdain in return, and question these walls and these pavements,

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TO THE DRIVING CLOUD.

- Claiming the soil for thy hunting-grounds, while down-trodden millions
- Starve in the garrets of Europe, and cry from its caverns that they, too,
- Have been created heirs of the earth, and claim its division!
- Back, then, back to thy woods in the regions west of the Wabash!
- There as a monarch thou reignest. In autumn the leaves of the maple
- Pave the floors of thy palace-halls with gold, and in summer
- Pine-trees waft through its chambers the odorous breath of their branches.
- There thou art strong and great, a hero, a tamer of horses!
- There thou chasest the stately stag on the banks of the Elkhorn,
- Or by the roar of the Running-Water, or where the Omaha
- Calls thee, and leaps through the wild ravine like a brave of the Blackfeet!
- Hark! what murmurs arise from the heart of those mountainous deserts?
- Is it the cry of the Foxes and Crows, or the mighty Behemoth,

TO THE DRIVING CLOUD.

- Who, unharmed, on his tusks once caught the bolts of the thunder,
- And now lurks in his lair to destroy the race of the red man?
- Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the Crows and the Foxes,
- Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the tread of Behemoth,
- Lo! the big thunder-canoe, that steadily breasts the Missouri's
- Merciless current! and yonder, afar on the prairies, the camp-fires
- Gleam through the night; and the cloud of dust in the gray of the daybreak
- Marks not the buffalo's track, nor the Mandan's dexterous horse-race;
- It is a caravan, whitening the desert where dwell the Camanches!
- Ha! how the breath of these Saxons and Celts. like the blast of the east-wind,
- Drifts evermore to the west the scanty smokes of thy wigwams!





SONGS.

SEAWEED.

When descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with seawed from the rocks:

From Bermuda's reefs; from edges
Of sunken ledges,
In some far-off, bright Azore;
From Bahama, and the dashing,
Silver-flashing
Surges of San Salvador;

From the tumbling surf, that buries
The Orkneyan skerries,
Answering the hoarse Hebrides;
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
Spars, uplifting
On the desolate, rainy seas;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting On the shifting



Currents of the restless main;
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion
Strike the ocean
Of the poet's soul, erelong
From each cave and rocky fastness,
In its vastness,
Floats some fragment of a song:

From the far-off isles enchanted,
Heaven has planted
With the golden fruit of Truth;
From the flashing surf, whose vision
Gleams Elysian
In the tropic clime of Youth;

From the strong Will, and the Endeavor
That forever
Wrestles with the tides of Fate;
From the wreck of Hopes far-scattered,
Tempest-shattered,
Floating waste and desolate;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart;

THE DAY IS DONE.

Till at length in books recorded,
They, like hoarded
Household words, no more depart.

THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the darkness Falls from the wings of Night, As a feather is wafted downward From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village Gleam through the rain and the mist, And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing, That is not akin to pain, And resembles sorrow only As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem, Some simple and heartfelt lay, That shall soothe this restless feeling, And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters, Not from the bards sublime,

THE DAY IS DONE.

Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music, Their mighty thoughts suggest Life's endless toil and endeavor; And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor, And nights devoid of ease, Still heard in his soul the music Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music, And the cares, that infest the day,







AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

THE day is ending,
The night is descending;
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes The red sun flashes On village windows That glimmer red.

The snow recommences;
The buried fences
Mark no longer
The road o'er the plain;

While through the meadows, Like fearful shadows, Slowly passes A funeral train.

The bell is pealing, And every feeling Within me responds To the dismal knell;

TO AN OLD DANISH SONG-BOOK.

Shadows are trailing, My heart is bewailing And tolling within Like a funeral bell.

TO AN OLD DANISH SONG-BOOK.

Welcome, my old friend, Welcome to a foreign fireside, While the sullen gales of autumn Shake the windows.

The ungrateful world Has, it seems, dealt harshly with thee, Since, beneath the skies of Denmark, First I met thee.

There are marks of age.
There are thumb-marks on thy margin,
Made by hands that clasped thee rudely,
At the ale-house.

Soiled and dull thou art: Yellow are thy time-worn pages, As the russet, rain-molested Leaves of autumn.

TO AN OLD DANISH SONG-BOOK.

Thou art stained with wine Scattered from hilarious goblets, As the leaves with the libations Of Olympus.

Yet dost thou recall
Days departed, half-forgotten,
When in dreamy youth I wandered
By the Baltic, —

When I paused to hear The old ballad of King Christian Shouted from suburban taverns In the twilight.

Thou recallest bards, Who, in solitary chambers, And with hearts by passion wasted, Wrote thy pages.

Thou recallest homes Where thy songs of love and friendship Made the gloomy Northern winter Bright as summer.

Once some ancient Scald, In his bleak, ancestral Iceland, Chanted staves of these old ballads To the Vikings.

TO AN OLD DANISH SONG-BOOK.

Once in Elsinore, At the court of old King Hamlet, Yorick and his boon companions Sang these ditties.

Once Prince Frederick's Guard Sang them in their smoky barracks;— Suddenly the English cannon Joined the chorus!

Peasants in the field, Sailors on the roaring ocean, Students, tradesmen, pale mechanics, All have sung them.

Thou hast been their friend; They, alas! have left thee friendless! Yet at least by one warm fireside Art thou welcome.

And, as swallows build In these wide, old-fashioned chimneys, So thy twittering songs shall nestle In my bosom, —

Quiet, close, and warm, Sheltered from all molestation, And recalling by their voices Youth and travel.

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WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID.

WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID.

VOGELWEID the Minnesinger,
When he left this world of ours,
Laid his body in the cloister,
Under Würtzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,
Gave them all with this behest:
They should feed the birds at noontide
Daily on his place of rest;

Saying, "From these wandering minstrels I have learned the art of song; Let me now repay the lessons They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed;
And, fulfilling his desire,
On his tomb the birds were feasted
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret, In foul weather and in fair, Day by day, in vastly numbers, Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches Overshadowed all the place,



WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID.

On the pavement, on the tombstone, On the poet's sculptured face,

On the cross-bars of each window,
On the lintel of each door,
They renewed the War of Wartburg,
Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols, Sang their lauds on every side; And the name their voices uttered Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot
Murmured, "Why this waste of food?
Be it changed to loaves henceforward
For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,
From the walls and woodland nests,
When the minster bells rang noontide,
Gathered the unwelcomed guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant, Clamorous round the Gothic spire, Screamed the feathered Minnesingers For the children of the choir.

DRINKING SONG.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions
On the cloister's funeral stones,
And tradition only tells us
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,
By sweet echoes multiplied,
Still the birds repeat the legend,
And the name of Vogelweid.

DRINKING SONG.

INSCRIPTION FOR AN ANTIQUE PITCHER.

COME, old friend! sit down and listen!
From the pitcher, placed between us,
How the waters laugh and glisten
In the head of old Silenus!

Old Silenus, bloated, drunken, Led by his inebriate Satyrs; On his breast his head is sunken, Vacantly he leers and chatters.

Fauns with youthful Bacchus follow; Ivy crowns that brow supernal As the forehead of Apollo, And possessing youth eternal. 283

DRINKING SONG.

Round about him, fair Bacchantes, Bearing cymbals, flutes, and thyrses, Wild from Naxian groves, or Zante's Vineyards, sing delirious verses.

Thus he won, through all the nations, Bloodless victories, and the farmer Bore, as trophies and oblations, Vines for banners, ploughs for armor.

Judged by no o'erzealous rigor,
Much this mystic throng expresses;
Bacchus was the type of vigor,
And Silenus of excesses.

These are ancient ethnic revels, Of a faith long since forsaken; Now the Satyrs, changed to devils, Frighten mortals wine-o'ertaken.

Now to rivulets from the mountains Point the rods of fortune-tellers; Youth perpetual dwells in fountains,— Not in flasks, and casks, and cellars.

Claudius, though he sang of flagons
And huge tankards filled with Rhenish,
From that fiery blood of dragons
Never would his own replenish.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

Even Redi, though he chaunted Bacchus in the Tuscan valleys, Never drank the wine he vaunted In his dithyrambic sallies.

Then with water fill the pitcher
Wreathed about with classic fables;
Ne'er Falernian threw a richer
Light upon Lucullus' tables.

Come, old friend, sit down and listen!
As it passes thus between us,
How its wavelets laugh and glisten
In the head of old Silenus!

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux: "Toujours! jamais! Jamais! toujours!" IACOUES BRIDAINE.

Somewhat back from the village street Stands the old-fashioned country-seat. Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw; And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,

"Forever—never!

Never—forever!"

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,
"Forever—never!

"Forever — never!"
Never — forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber-door,
"Forever—never!

"Forever — never!"
Never — forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,

"Forever—never!

Never—forever!"

In that mansion used to be Free-hearted Hospitality;

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased,
"Forever—never!

Never — forever!"

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,
"Forever—never!

"Forever — never!"
Never — forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,
"Forever—never!

"Forever — never!"

All are scattered now and fled, Some are married, some are dead; And when I ask, with throbs of pain, "Ah! when shall they all meet again?"

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply,
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear, —
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly, —
"Forever — never!

"Forever — never!"
Never — forever!"

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.
I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak I found the arrow, still unbroke; And the song, from beginning to end, I found again in the heart of a friend.





SONNETS.

THE EVENING STAR.

Lo! in the painted oriel of the West,
Whose panes the sunken sun incarnadines,
Like a fair lady at her casement, shines
The evening star, the star of love and rest!
And then anon she doth herself divest
Of all her radiant garments, and reclines
Behind the sombre screen of yonder pines,
With slumber and soft dreams of love oppressed.
One beloved, my sweet Hesperus!

O my beloved, my sweet Hesperus!

My morning and my evening star of love!

My best and gentlest lady! even thus,
As that fair planet in the sky above,

Dost thou retire unto thy rest at night,

And from thy darkened window fades the light.

AUTUMN - DANTE.

AUTUMN.

Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain, With banners, by great gales incessant fanned, Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand, And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain!

Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain!

Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging eaves:

Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended:

Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves;
And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden
leaves!

DANTE.

TUSCAN, that wanderest through the realms of gloom,

With thoughtful pace, and sad, majestic eyes, Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul arise, Like Farinata from his fiery tomb.

Thy sacred song is like the trump of doom;





CURFEW.

Yet in thy heart what human sympathies, With soft compassion glows, as in the skies The tender stars their clouded lamps relume! Methinks I see thee stand, with pallid cheeks, By Fra Hilario in his diocese, As up the convent-walls, in golden streaks, The ascending sunbeams mark the day's decrease:

And, as he asks what there the stranger seeks, Thy voice along the cloister whispers, "Peace!"

CURFEW.

I.

SOLEMNLY, mournfully, Dealing its dole, The Curfew Bell Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers,
And put out the light;
Toil comes with the morning,
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,
And quenched is the fire;
Sound fades into silence,—
All footsteps retire.

CURFEW.

No voice in the chambers, No sound in the hall! Sleep and oblivion Reign over all!

II.

THE book is completed,
And closed, like the day;
And the hand that has written it
Lays it away.

Dim grow its fancies; Forgotten they lie: Like coals in the ashes, They darken and die.

Song sinks into silence,
The story is told,
The windows are darkened,
The hearth-stone is cold.

Darker and darker
The black shadows fall;
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all.

THE SEASIDE AND THE FIRE-SIDE.





THE SEASIDE AND THE FIRE-SIDE.

DEDICATION.

As one who, walking in the twilight gloom, Hears round about him voices as it darkens. And seeing not the forms from which they come, Pauses from time to time, and turns and hearkens;

So walking here in twilight, O my friends!

I hear your voices, softened by the distance,
And pause, and turn to listen, as each sends
His words of friendship, comfort, and assistance.

If any thought of mine, or sung or told, Has ever given delight or consolation, Ye have repaid me back a thousand-fold, By every friendly sign and salutation.

DEDICATION.

Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown!

Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token,

That teaches me, when seeming most alone,
Friends are around us, though no word be
spoken.

Kind messages, that pass from land to land; Kind letters, that betray the heart's deep history,

In which we feel the pressure of a hand, —
One touch of fire, — and all the rest is mystery!

The pleasant books, that silently among
Our household treasures take familiar places,
And are to us as if a living tongue
Spake from the printed leaves or pictured faces!

Perhaps on earth 1 never shall behold,
With eye of sense, your outward form and
semblance:

Therefore to me ye never will grow old, But live forever young in my remembrance.

Never grow old, nor change, nor pass away! Your gentle voices will flow on forever, When life grows bare and tarnished with decay, As through a leafless landscape flows a river.







DEDICATION.

Not chance of birth or place has made us friends, Being oftentimes of different tongues and nations,

But the endeavor for the selfsame ends,
With the same hopes, and fears, and aspirations.

Therefore I hope to join your seaside walk, Saddened, and mostly silent, with emotion; Not interrupting with intrusive talk The grand, majestic symphonies of ocean.

Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest,
At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted,

To have my place reserved among the rest, Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited!









BY THE SEASIDE.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

"BUILD me straight, O worthy Master! Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel, That shall laugh at all disaster, And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

The merchant's word Delighted the Master heard; For his heart was in his work, and the heart Giveth grace unto every Art.

A quiet smile played round his lips, As the eddies and dimples of the tide Play round the bows of ships, That steadily at anchor ride. And with a voice that was full of glee, He answered, "Ere long we will launch A vessel as goodly, and strong, and stanch, As ever weathered a wintry sea!"

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

And first with nicest skill and art. Perfect and finished in every part. A little model the Master wrought, Which should be to the larger plan What the child is to the man, Its counterpart in miniature; That with a hand more swift and sure The greater labor might be brought To answer to his inward thought. And as he labored, his mind ran o'er The various ships that were built of vore. And above them all, and strangest of all Towered the Great Harry, crank and tall, Whose picture was hanging on the wall, With bows and stern raised high in air, And balconies hanging here and there, And signal lanterns and flags afloat, And eight round towers, like those that frown From some old castle, looking down Upon the drawbridge and the moat. And he said with a smile, "Our ship, I wis, Shall be of another form than this!"

It was of another form, indeed; Built for freight, and yet for speed, A beautiful and gallant craft; Broad in the beam, that the stress of the blast, Pressing down upon sail and mast,

Might not the sharp bows overwhelm; Broad in the beam, but sloping aft With graceful curve and slow degrees, That she might be docile to the helm, And that the currents of parted seas, Closing behind, with mighty force, Might aid and not impede her course.

In the ship-yard stood the Master,
With the model of the vesse!,
That should laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!

Covering many a rood of ground,
Lay the timber piled around;
Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,
And scattered here and there, with these,
The knarred and crooked cedar knees;
Brought from regions far away,
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,
And the banks of the roaring Roanoke!
Ah! what a wondrous thing it is
To note how many wheels of toil
One thought, one word, can set in motion!
There's not a ship that sails the ocean,
But every climate, every soil,
Must bring its tribute, great or small,
And help to build the wooden wall!

The sun was rising o'er the sea,
And long the level shadows lay,
As if they, too, the beams would be
Of some great, airy argosy,
Framed and launched in a single day.
That silent architect, the sun,
Had hewn and laid them every one,
Ere the work of man was yet begun.
Beside the Master, when he spoke,
A youth, against an anchor leaning,
Listened, to catch his slightest meaning.
Only the long waves, as they broke
In ripples on the pebbly beach,
Interrupted the old man's speech.

Beautiful they were, in sooth,
The old man and the fiery youth!
The old man, in whose busy brain
Many a ship that sailed the main
Was modelled o'er and o'er again;
—
The fiery youth, who was to be
The heir of his dexterity,
The heir of his house, and his daughter's hand,
When he had built and launched from land
What the elder head had planned.

"Thus," said he, "will we build this ship! Lay square the blocks upon the slip, And follow well this plan of mine.

Choose the timbers with greatest care; Of all that is unsound beware; For only what is sound and strong To this vessel shall belong. Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine Here together shall combine. A goodly frame, and a goodly fame, And the UNION be her name! For the day that gives her to the sea Shall give my daughter unto thee!"

The Master's word
Enraptured the young man heard;
And as he turned his face aside,
With a look of joy and a thrill of pride,
Standing before
Her father's door,
He saw the form of his promised bride.
The sun shone on her golden hair,
And her cheek was glowing fresh and fair,
With the breath of morn and the soft sea air
Like a beauteous barge was she,
Still at rest on the sandy beach,
Just beyond the billow's reach;
But he
Was the restless, seething, stormy sea!

Ah, how skilful grows the hand That obeyeth Love's command!

It is the heart, and not the brain, That to the highest doth attain. And he who followeth Love's behest Far excelleth all the rest! Thus with the rising of the sun Was the noble task begun. And soon throughout the ship-yard's bounds Were heard the intermingled sounds Of axes and of mallets, plied With vigorous arms on every side; Plied so deftly and so well, That, ere the shadows of evening fell, The keel of oak for a noble ship, Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong, Was lying ready, and stretched along The blocks, well placed upon the slip. Happy, thrice happy, every one Who sees his labor well begun, And not perplexed and multiplied, By idly waiting for time and tide!

And when the hot, long day was o'er, The young man at the Master's door Sat with the maiden, calm and still. And within the porch, a little more Removed beyond the evening chill, The father sat, and told them tales Of wrecks in the great September gales,





Of pirates upon the Spanish Main, And ships that never came back again, The chance and change of a sailor's life, Want and plenty, rest and strife. His roving fancy, like the wind, That nothing can stay and nothing can bind. And the magic charm of foreign lands, With shadows of palms, and shining sands, Where the tumbling surf. O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar, Washes the feet of the swarthy Lascar. As he lies alone and asleep on the turf. And the trembling maiden held her breath At the tales of that awful, pitiless sea, With all its terror and mystery, The dim, dark sea, so like unto death. That divides and yet unites mankind! And whenever the old man paused, a gleam From the bowl of his pipe would awhile illume The silent group in the twilight gloom, And thoughtful faces, as in a dream; And for a moment one might mark What had been hidden by the dark, That the head of the maiden lay at rest, Tenderly, on the young man's breast!

Day by day the vessel grew, With timbers fashioned strong and true,

Stemson and keelson and sternson-knee. Till, framed with perfect symmetry, A skeleton ship rose up to view! And around the bows and along the side The heavy hammers and mallets plied, Till after many a week, at length, Wonderful for form and strength, Sublime in its enormous bulk, Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk! And around it columns of smoke, upwreathing, Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething Caldron, that glowed, And overflowed With the black tar, heated for the sheathing. And amid the clamors Of clattering hammers, He who listened heard now and then The song of the master and his men: -"Build me straight, O worthy Master, Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel, That shall laugh at all disaster, And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

With oaken brace and copper band, Lay the rudder on the sand, That, like a thought, should have control Over the movement of the whole; And near it the anchor, whose giant hand

Would reach down and grapple with the land, And immovable and fast Hold the great ship against the bellowing blast! And at the bows an image stood, By a cunning artist carved in wood, With robes of white, that far behind Seemed to be fluttering in the wind. It was not shaped in a classic mould, Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old, Or Naiad rising from the water, But modelled from the Master's daughter! On many a dreary and misty night, 'Twill be seen by the rays of the signal light, Speeding along through the rain and the dark, Like a ghost in its snow-white sark, The pilot of some phantom bark, Guiding the vessel, in its flight, By a path none other knows aright! Behold, at last, Each tall and tapering mast Is swung into its place: Shrouds and stays Holding it firm and fast!

Long ago, In the deer-haunted forests of Maine, When upon mountain and plain Lay the snow,

They fell, — those lordly pines!
Those grand, majestic pines!
'Mid shouts and cheers
The jaded steers,
Panting beneath the goad,
Dragged down the weary, winding road
Those captive kings so straight and tall,
To be shorn of their streaming hair,
And, naked and bare,
To feel the stress and the strain
Of the wind and the reeling main,
Whose roar
Would remind them forevermore
Of their native forests they should not see again.

And everywhere
The slender, graceful spars
Poise aloft in the air,
And at the mast-head,
White, blue, and red.
A flag unrolls the stripes and stars.
Ah! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless.
In foreign harbors shall behold
That flag unrolled
'Twill be as a friendly hand
Stretched out from his native land,
Filling his heart with memories sweet and endless!





All is finished! and at length Has come the bridal day Of beauty and of strength. To-day the vessel shall be launched! With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched, And o'er the bay, Slowly, in all his splendors dight, The great sun rises to behold the sight. The ocean old, Centuries old, Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled, Paces restless to and fro, Up and down the sands of gold. His beating heart is not at rest; And far and wide, With ceaseless flow, His beard of snow Heaves with the heaving of his breast. He waits impatient for his bride. There she stands, With her foot upon the sands, Decked with flags and streamers gay, In honor of her marriage day, Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending. Round her like a veil descending, Ready to be The bride of the gray old sea.

On the deck another bride Is standing by her lover's side. Shadows from the flags and shrouds, Like the shadows cast by clouds, Broken by many a sunny fleck, Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said, The service read, The joyous bridegroom bows his head; And in tears the good old Master Shakes the brown hand of his son, Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek In silence, for he cannot speak, And ever faster Down his own the tears begin to run. The worthy pastor -The shepherd of that wandering flock, That has the ocean for its wold, That has the vessel for its fold. Leaping ever from rock to rock -Spake, with accents mild and clear, Words of warning, words of cheer, But tedious to the bridegroom's ear. He knew the chart Of the sailor's heart, All its pleasures and its griefs, All its shallows and rocky reefs,

All those secret currents, that flow With such resistless undertow And lift and drift, with terrible force. The will from its moorings and its course. Therefore he spake, and thus said he: -"Like unto ships far off at sea, Outward or homeward bound, are we. Before, behind, and all around. Floats and swings the horizon's bound, Seems at its outer rim to rise And climb the crystal wall of the skies. And then again to turn and sink. As if we could slide from its outer brink. Ah! it is not the sea. It is not the sea that sinks and shelves. But ourselves That rock and rise With endless and uneasy motion, Now touching the very skies, Now sinking into the depths of ocean. Ah! if our souls but poise and swing Like the compass in its brazen ring, Ever level and ever true To the toil and the task we have to do, We shall sail securely, and safely reach The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach The sights we see, and the sounds we hear, Will be those of joy and not of fear!"

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command.
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard.
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound.
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd There rose a shout, prolonged and loud, That to the ocean seemed to say, "Take her. O bridegroom, old and gray, Take her to thy protecting arms. With all her youth and all her charms!"

How beautiful she is! How fair She lies within those arms, that press Her form with many a soft caress Of tenderness and watchful care! Sail forth into the sea, O ship! Through wind and wave, right onward steer!





The moistened eye, the trembling lip, Are not the signs of doubt or fear. Sail forth into the sea of life, O gentle, loving, trusting wife, And safe from all adversity Upon the bosom of that sea Thy comings and thy goings be! For gentleness and love and trust Prevail o'er angry wave and gust; And in the wreck of noble lives Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State! Sail on, O UNION, strong and great! Humanity with all its fears, With all the hopes of future years, Is hanging breathless on thy fate! We know what Master laid thy keel, What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel, Who made each mast, and sail, and rope, What anvils rang, what hammers beat, In what a forge and what a heat Were shaped the anchors of thy hope! Fear not each sudden sound and shock, 'Tis of the wave and not the rock; 'Tis but the flapping of the sail, And not a rent made by the gale! In spite of rock and tempest's roar,

THE EVENING STAR.

In spite of false lights on the shore, Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea! Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee, Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears, Our faith triumphant o'er our fears, Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

THE EVENING STAR.

JUST above yon sandy bar,
As the day grows fainter and dimmer,
Lonely and lovely, a single star
Lights the air with a dusky glimmer.

Into the ocean faint and far
Falls the trail of its golden splendor,
And the gleam of that single star
Is ever refulgent, soft, and tender.

Chrysaor, rising out of the sea, Showed thus glorious and thus emulous. Leaving the arms of Callirrhoe, Forever tender, soft, and tremulous.

Thus o'er the ocean faint and far
Trailed the gleam of his falchion brightly;
Is it a God, or is it a star
That, entranced, I gaze on nightly!





THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

AH! what pleasant visions haunt me As I gaze upon the sea! All the old romantic legends, All my dreams, come back to me.

Sails of silk and ropes of sandal, Such as gleam in ancient lore; And the singing of the sailors, And the answer from the shore!

Most of all, the Spanish ballad Haunts me oft, and tarries long, Of the noble Count Arnaldos And the sailor's mystic song.

Like the long waves on a sea-beach, Where the sand as silver shines, With a soft, monotonous cadence, Flows its unrhymed lyric lines;—

Telling how the Count Arnaldos, With his hawk upon his hand, Saw a fair and stately galley, Onward steering to the land;—

How he heard the ancient helmsman Chant a song so wild and clear, That the sailing sea-bird slowly Poised upon the mast to hear,

TWILIGHT.

Till his soul was full of longing
And he cried, with impulse strong,—
"Helmsman! for the love of heaven,
Teach me, too, that wondrous song!"

"Wouldst thou,"—so the helmsman answered,
"Learn the secret of the sea?
Only those who brave its dangers
Comprehend its mystery!"

In each sail that skims the horizon, In each landward-blowing breeze, I behold that stately galley, Hear those mournful melodies;

Till my soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

TWILIGHT.

The twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of the sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea.





SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

But in the fisherman's cottage
There shines a ruddier light,
And a little face at the window
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,
As if those childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness,
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow Is passing to and fro, Now rising to the ceiling, Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, bleak and wild,
As they beat at the crazy casement,
Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother,
Drive the color from her cheek?

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice Sailed the corsair Death; Wild and fast blew the blast, And the east-wind was his breath.

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

His lordly ships of ice
Glisten in the sun;
On each side, like pennons wide,
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
Dripped with silver rain;
But where he passed there were cast
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed; Three days or more seaward he bore, Then, alas! the land-wind failed.

Alas! the land-wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night;
And nevermore, on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,

The Book was in his hand;
"Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"
He said, "by water as by land!"

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all around.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds;
Every mast as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize, At midnight black and cold! As of a rock was the shock; Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark,
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain, to the Spanish main;
Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, forever southward, They drift through dark and day; And like a dream, in the Gulf-stream Sinking, vanish all away.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

The rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
And on its outer point, some miles away,
The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

Even at this distance I can see the tides, Upheaving, break unheard along its base, A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides In the white lip and tremor of the face.

And as the evening darkens, lo! how bright,
Through the deep purple of the twilight air,
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light
With strange, unearthly splendor in its glare!

Not one alone; from each projecting cape
And perilous reef along the ocean's verge,
Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,
Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.

Like the great giant Christopher it stands
Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,
Wading far out among the rocks and sands,
The night o'ertaken mariner to save.

And the great ships sail outward and return, Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells, And ever joyful, as they see it burn, They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

They come forth from the darkness, and their sails

Gleam for a moment only in the blaze, And eager faces, as the light unveils, Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

The mariner remembers when a child,
On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink,
And when, returning from adventures wild,
He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same Year after year, through all the silent night Burns on forevermore that quenchless flame, Shines on that inextinguishable light!

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp

The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace;
It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,

And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it; the storm Smites it with all the scourges of the rain, And steadily against its solid form Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din Of wings and winds and solitary cries, Blinded and maddened by the light within, Dashes himself against the glare, and dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock, Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove, It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock, But hails the mariner with words of love.



THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

"Sail on!" it says, "sail on, ye stately ships! And with your floating bridge the ocean span; Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse, Be yours to bring man nearer unto man!"

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

DEVEREUX FARM, NEAR MARBLEHEAD.

WE sat within the farm-house old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,
The lighthouse, the dismantled fort,
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

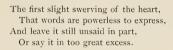
We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead;

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THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again;



The very tones in which we spake

Had something strange, I could but mark;

The leaves of memory seemed to make

A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then expire,

And, as their splendor flashed and failed, We thought of wrecks upon the main, Of ships dismasted, that were hailed And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames, The ocean, roaring up the beach, The gusty blast, the bickering flames, All mingled vaguely in our speech;

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain,
The long-lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearned!

They were indeed too much akin,

The drift-wood fire without that burned,

The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

BY THE FIRESIDE.





BY THE FIRESIDE.

RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions Not from the ground arise, But oftentimes celestial benedictions Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors; Amid these earthly damps, What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition; This life of mortal breath

RESIGNATION.

Is but a suburb of the life elysian, Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead, — the child of our affection, — But gone unto that school

Where she no longer needs our poor protection, And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion, By guardian angels led,

Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution, She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing In those bright realms of air;

Year after year, her tender steps pursuing, Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,

Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,

May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her: For when with raptures wild In our embraces we again enfold her. She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion, Clothed with celestial grace;

THE BUILDERS.

And beautiful with all the soul's expansion Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion And anguish long suppressed, The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean, That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling We may not wholly stay; By silence sanctifying, not concealing, The grief that must have way.

THE BUILDERS.

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low; Each thing in its place is best; And what seems but idle show Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise, Time is with materials filled; Our to-days and yesterdays Are the blocks with which we build.

THE BUILDERS.

Truly shape and fashion these; Leave no yawning gaps between; Think not, because no man sees, Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,

Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;

For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,

Both the unseen and the seen;

Make the house, where Gods may dwell,

Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete, Standing in these walls of Time, Broken stairways, where the feet Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure, With a firm and ample base; And ascending and secure Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain

To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.







SAND OF THE DESERT.

SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS.

A HANDFUL of red sand, from the hot clime Of Arab deserts brought, Within this glass becomes the spy of Time, The minister of Thought.

How many weary centuries has it been About those deserts blown! How many strange vicissitudes has seen, How many histories known!

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite Trampled and passed it o'er, When into Egypt from the patriarch's sight His favorite son they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and bare, Crushed it beneath their tread; Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air Scattered it as they sped;

Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth Held close in her caress, Whose pilgrimage of hope and love and faith Illumed the wilderness;

Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's palms Pacing the Dead Sea beach,

SAND OF THE DESERT.

And singing slow their old Armenian psalms In half-articulate speech;

Or caravans, that from Bassora's gate With westward steps depart;

Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of Fate, And resolute in heart!

These have passed over it, or may have passed! Now in this crystal tower

Imprisoned by some curious hand at last, It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls expand; Before my dreamy eye

Stretches the desert with its shifting sand, Its unimpeded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustaining blast, This little golden thread

Dilates into a column high and vast,
A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting sun, Across the boundless plain,

The column and its broader shadow run, Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes! These walls again Shut out the lurid sun,

Shut out the hot, immeasurable plain; The half-hour's sand is run!



BLACK shadows fall From the lindens tall, That lift aloft their massive wall Against the southern sky;

And from the realms
Of the shadowy elms
A tide-like darkness overwhelms
The fields that round us lie.

But the night is fair,
And everywhere
A warm, soft vapor fills the air,
And distant sounds seem near:

And above, in the light
Of the star-lit night,
Swift birds of passage wing their flight
Through the dewy atmosphere.

I hear the beat Of their pinions fleet, As from the land of snow and sleet They seek a southern lea.

I hear the cry
Of their voices high
Falling dreamily through the sky,
But their forms I cannot see.

THE OPEN WINDOW.

O, say not so!
Those sounds that flow
In murmurs of delight and woe
Come not from wings of birds.

They are the throngs
Of the poet's songs.
Murmurs of pleasures, and pains, and wrongs.
The sound of winged words.

This is the cry
Of souls, that high
On toiling, beating pinions, fly,
Seeking a warmer clime.

From their distant flight
Through realms of light
It falls into our world of night,
With the murmuring sound of rhyme.

THE OPEN WINDOW.

THE old house by the lindens Stood silent in the shade, And on the gravelled pathway The light and shadow played

I saw the nursery windows Wide open to the air;





KING WITLAF'S DRINKING-HORN.

But the faces of the children, They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog Was standing by the door; He looked for his little playmates, Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens, They played not in the hall; But shadow, and silence, and sadness Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,
With sweet, familiar tone;
But the voices of the children
Will be heard in dreams alone!

And the boy that walked beside me, He could not understand Why closer in mine, ah! closer, I pressed his warm, soft hand

KING WITLAF'S DRINK

WITLAF, a king of the Saxor Ere yet his last he breathed. To the merry monks of Croyland. His drinking-horn bequeathed,—339



KING WITLAF'S DRINKING-HORN.

That, whenever they sat at their revels,
And drank from the golden bowl,
They might remember the donor,
And breathe a prayer for his soul.

So sat they once at Christmas,
And bade the goblet pass;
In their beards the red wine glistened
Like dew-drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaf,
They drank to Christ the Lord,
And to each of the Twelve Apostles,
Who had preached his holy word.

They drank to the Saints and Martyrs
Of the dismal days of yore,
And as soon as the horn was empty
They remembered one Saint more.

And the reader droned from the pulpit, Like the murmur of many bees, The legend of good Saint Guthlac And Saint Basil's homilies;

Till the great bells of the convent, From their prison in the tower, Guthlac and Bartholomæus, Proclaimed the midnight hour.

GASPAR BECERRA.

And the Yule-log cracked in the chimney, And the Abbot bowed his head, And the flamelets flapped and flickered, But the Abbot was stark and dead.

Yet still in his pallid fingers
He clutched the golden bowl,
In which, like a pearl dissolving,
Had sunk and dissolved his soul.

But not for this their revels
The jovial monks forbore,
For they cried, "Fill high the goblet!
We must drink to one Saint more!"

GASPAR BECERRA.

By his evening fire the artist
Pondered o'er his secret shame;
Baffled, weary, and disheartened,
Still he mused, and dreamed of fame.

'Twas an image of the Virgin
That had tasked his utmost skill;
But, alas! his fair ideal
Vanished and escaped him still.

GASPAR BECERRA.

From a distant Eastern island
Had the precious wood been brought;
Day and night the anxious master
At his toil untiring wrought;

Till, discouraged and desponding, Sat he now in shadows deep, And the day's humiliation Found oblivion in sleep.

Then the voice cried, "Rise, O master!
From the burning brand of oak
Shape the thought that stirs within thee!"
And the startled artist woke,—

Woke, and from the smoking embers Seized and quenched the glowing wood; And therefrom he carved an image, And he saw that it was good.

O thou sculptor, painter, poet!

Take this lesson to thy heart:

That is best which lieth nearest;

Shape from that thy work of art.

PEGASUS IN POUND.

PEGASUS IN POUND.

ONCE into a quiet village,
Without haste and without heed,
In the golden prime of morning,
Strayed the poet's wingèd steed.

It was Autumn, and incessant
Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves,
And, like living coals, the apples
Burned among the withering leaves.

Loud the clamorous bell was ringing From its belfry gaunt and grim; 'Twas the daily call to labor, Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape, In its gleaming vapor veiled; Not the less he breathed the odors That the dying leaves exhaled.

Thus, upon the village common, By the schoolboys he was found; And the wise men, in their wisdom, Put him straightway into pound.

Then the sombre village crier, Ringing loud his brazen bell, Wandered down the street proclaiming There was an estray to sell.

PEGASUS IN POUND.

And the curious country people, Rich and poor, and young and old, Came in haste to see this wondrous Wingèd steed, with mane of gold.

Thus the day passed, and the evening Fell, with vapors cold and dim; But it brought no food nor shelter, Brought no straw nor stall, for him.

Patiently, and still expectant,

Looked he through the wooden bars,
Saw the moon rise o'er the landscape,
Saw the tranquil, patient stars;

Till at length the bell at midnight Sounded from its dark abode, And, from out a neighboring farm-yard, Loud the cock Alectryon crowed.

Then, with nostrils wide distended,
Breaking from his iron chain,
And unfolding far his pinions,
To those stars he soared again.

On the morrow, when the village
Woke to all its toil and care,
Lo! the strange steed had departed,
And they knew not when nor where.

TEGNÉR'S DEATH.

But they found, upon the greensward
Where his struggling hoofs had trod,
Pure and bright, a fountain flowing
From the hoof-marks in the sod.

From that hour, the fount unfailing Gladdens the whole region round, Strengthening all who drink its waters, While it soothes them with its sound.

TEGNÉR'S DEATH.

I HEARD a voice, that cried, "Balder the Beautiful Is dead, is dead!" And through the misty air Passed like the mournful cry Of sunward sailing cranes.

I saw the pallid corpse
Of the dead sun
Borne through the Northern sky.
Blasts from Niffelheim
Lifted the sheeted mists
Around him as he passed.

TEGNÉR'S DEATH.

And the voice forever cried, Balder the Beautiful Is dead, is dead! And died away Through the dreary night, In accents of despair.

Balder the Beautiful, God of the summer sun, Fairest of all the Gods! Light from his forehead beamed, Runes were upon his tongue, As on the warrior's sword.

All things in earth and air Bound were by magic spell Never to do him harm; Even the plants and stones; All save the mistletoe, The sacred mistletoe!

Hæder, the blind old God, Whose feet are shod with silence, Pierced through that gentle breast With his sharp spear, by fraud Made of the misletoe, The accursed misletoe!

TEGNÉR'S DEATH.

They laid him in his ship, With horse and harness, As on a funeral pyre. Odin placed A ring upon his finger, And whispered in his ear.

They launched the burning ship! It floated far away Over the misty sea, Till like the sun it seemed, Sinking beneath the waves. Balder returned no more!

So perish the old Gods! But out of the sea of Time Rises a new land of song, Fairer than the old. Over its meadows green Walk the young bards and sing,

Build it again,
O ye bards,
Fairer than before!
Ye fathers of the new race,
Feed upon morning dew,
Sing the new Song of Love!



The law of force is dead! The law of love prevails! Thor, the thunderer, Shall rule the earth no more, No more, with threats, Challenge the meek Christ.

Sing no more, O ve bards of the North, Of Vikings and of Jarls! Of the days of Eld Preserve the freedom only, Not the deeds of blood!

SONNET.

ON MRS. KEMBLE'S READINGS FROM SHAKE-SPEARE.

O PRECIOUS evenings! all too swiftly sped! Leaving us heirs to amplest heritages Of all the best thoughts of the greatest sages, And giving tongues unto the silent dead! How our hearts glowed and trembled as she read, Interpreting by tones the wondrous pages Of the great poet who foreruns the ages, Anticipating all that shall be said! O happy Reader! having for thy text 348

THE SINGERS.

The magic book, whose Sibylline leaves have caught

The rarest essence of all human thought!
O happy Poet! by no critic vext!
How must thy listening spirit now rejoice
To be interpreted by such a voice!

THE SINGERS.

God sent his Singers upon earth With songs of sadnesss and of mirth, That they might touch the hearts of men, And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth, with soul of fire, Held in his hand a golden lyre; Through groves he wandered, and by streams, Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face, Stood singing in the market-place, And stirred with accents deep and loud The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray old man, the third and last, Sang in cathedrals dim and vast, While the majestic organ rolled Contrition from its mouths of gold.



SUSPIRIA.

And those who heard the Singers three Disputed which the best might be; For still their music seemed to start Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, "I see No best in kind, but in degree; I gave a various gift to each, To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

"These are the three great chords of might, And he whose ear is tuned aright Will hear no discord in the three, But the most perfect harmony."

SUSPIRIA.

Take them, O Death! and bear away
Whatever thou canst call thine own!
Thine image, stamped upon this clay,
Doth give thee that, but that alone!

Take them, O Grave! and let them lie Folded upon thy narrow shelves, As garments by the soul laid by, And precious only to ourselves!

HYMN.

Take them, O great Eternity!
Our little life is but a gust
That bends the branches of thy tree,
And trails its blossoms in the dust!

HYMN

FOR MY BROTHER'S ORDINATION.

CHRIST to the young man said: "Yet one thing more;
If thou wouldst perfect be,
Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,
And come and follow me!"

Within this temple Christ again, unseen, Those sacred words hath said, And his invisible hands to-day have been Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his way
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon his arm and say,
"Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?"

Beside him at the marriage feast shall be, To make the scene more fair;

HYMN.

Beside him in the dark Gethsemane Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust! O endless sense of rest! Like the beloved John To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast, And thus to journey on!









